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INTERNATIONAL STUDIO



November 1925

"THE TACKLE"
by
John Frew

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says FRED G. WOLTER, *Architect*

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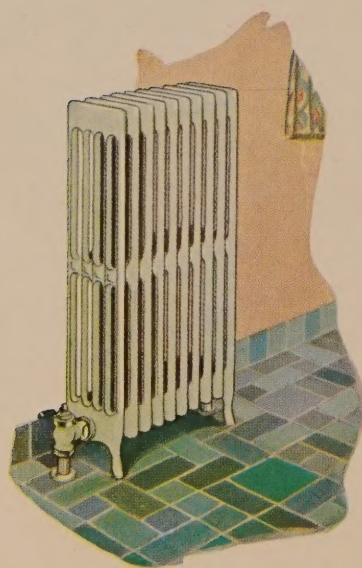
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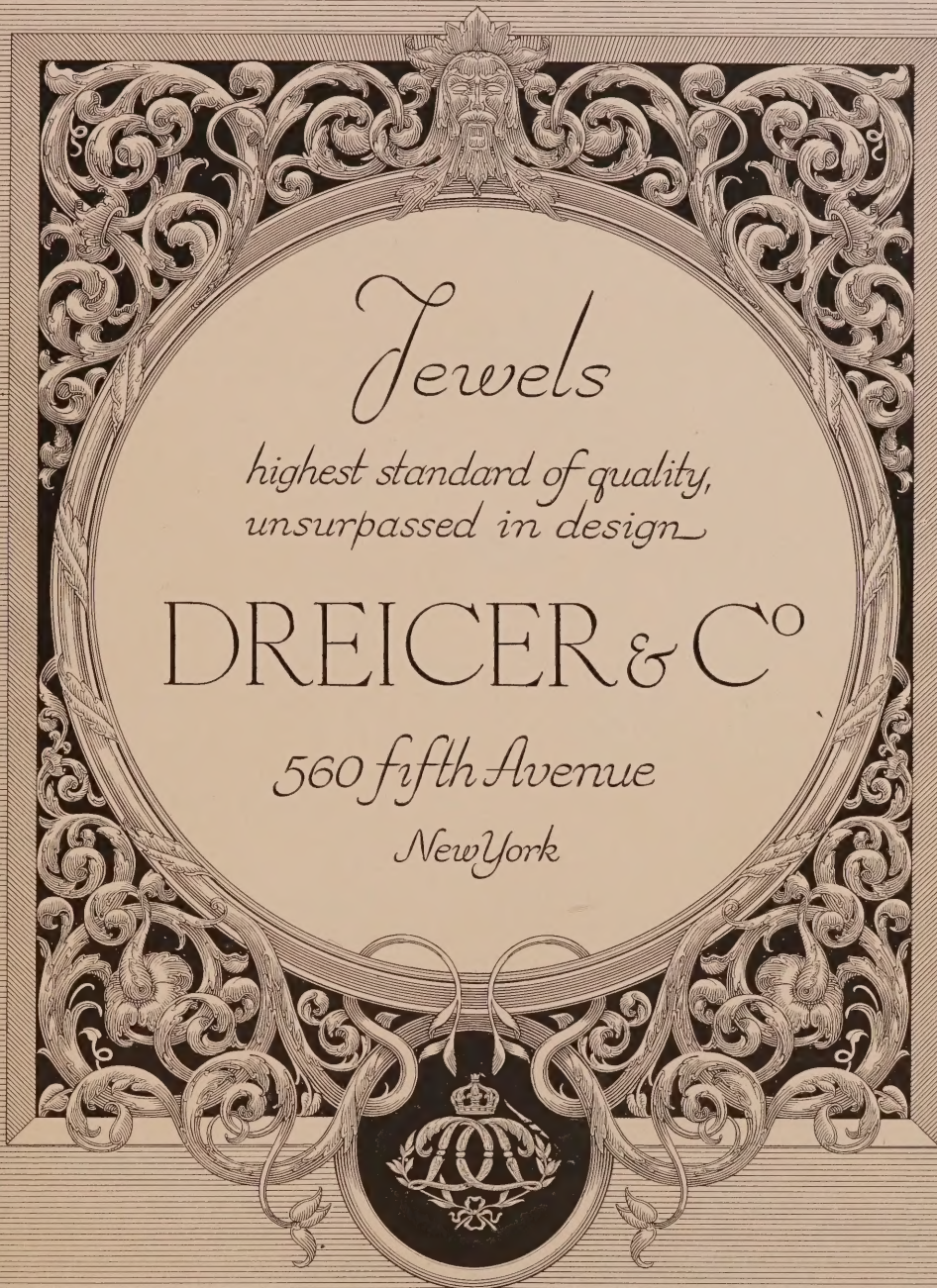
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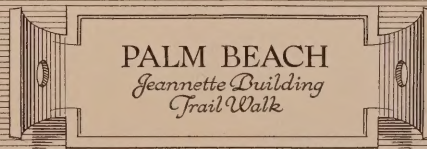


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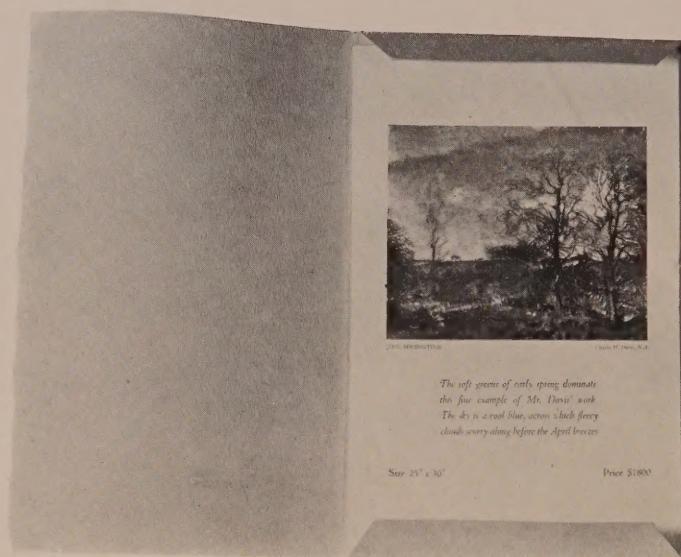
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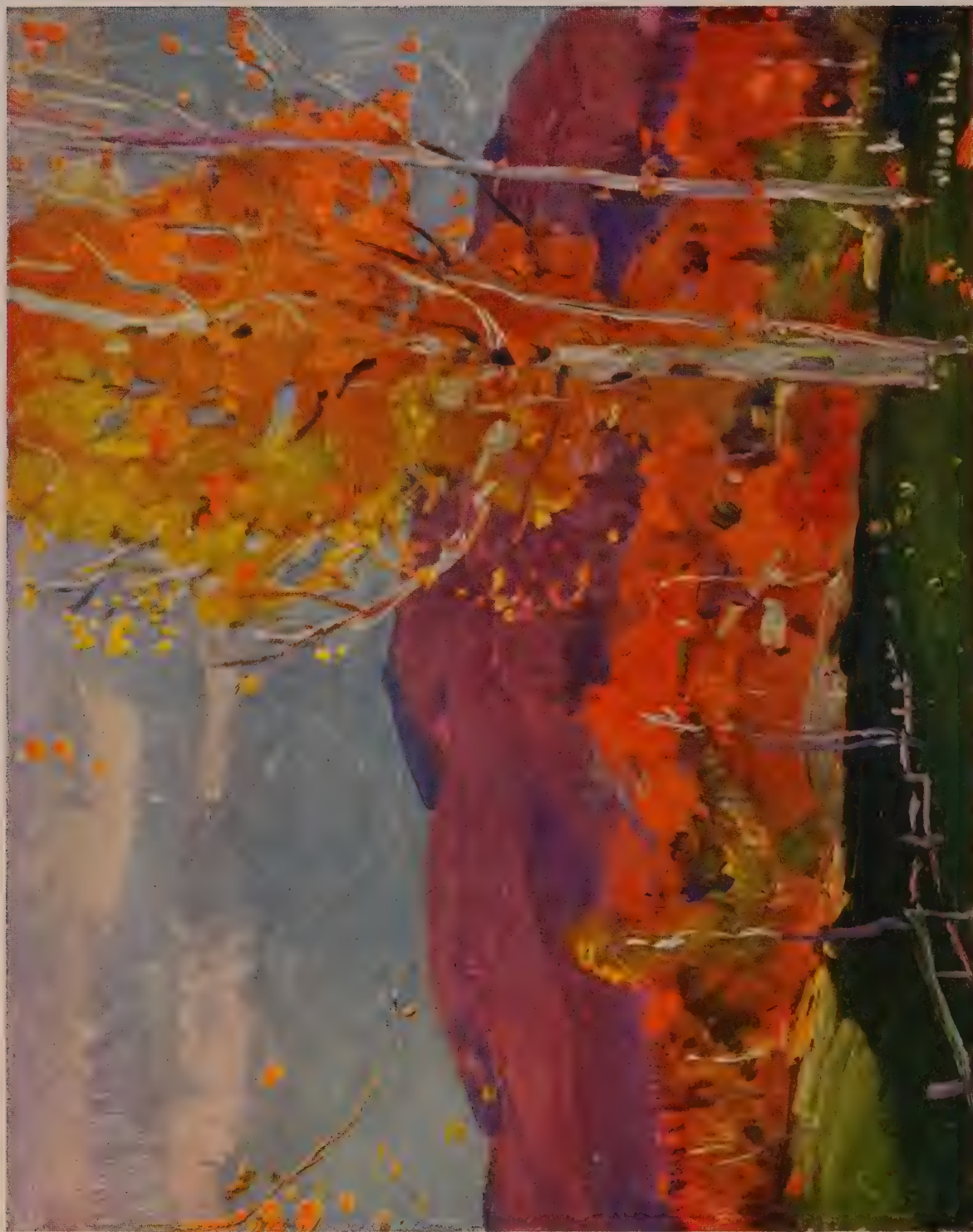
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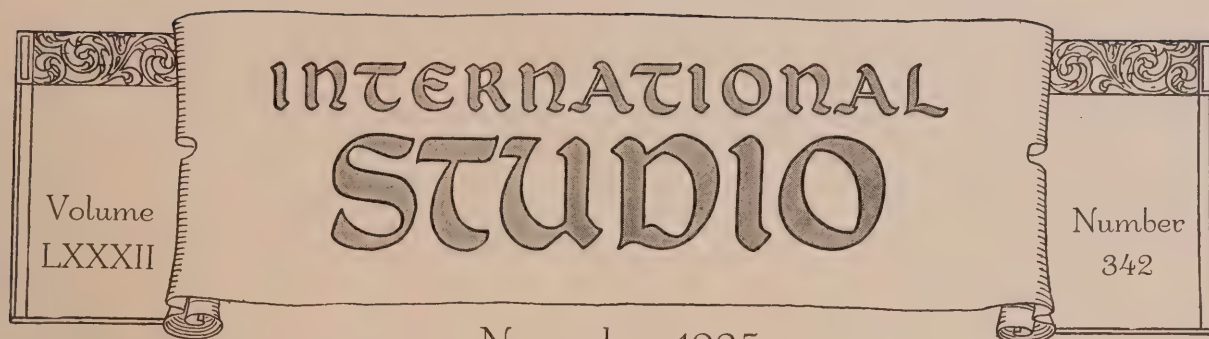
Marquis of French design and manufacture is shown covered in old blue damask of a rich fluctuating tone. There is a pair of these chairs which though not too large to be moved about are exceedingly comfortable.

The old French mirror is a particularly charming piece with its original glass and somber gilding.



"AUTUMN LANDSCAPE"

by JONAS LIE



INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

Volume
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November 1925

The Academy Goes Traveling

OUT OF THE FULLNESS of time comes our National Academy of Design to show her treasures in retrospect as a Centennial Exhibition and to account to all the world

for her century of artistic stewardship. The oldest association of artists in the United States—who dares to call her venerable? Year in and year out she has renewed her youth like the eagle, listened to the fledglings who have cried out against her, smiled tolerantly, and taken many an insurgent brood back to her spreading wings.

Her own youth was a hot and rebellious one given to flouting Dame Tradition and shouting cries of new freedom from high mountain tops, and still the old spirit stirs within her. By publicly celebrating her centenary, first in the national capital and later in New York City, she challenges us to look at her yesterdays of revolt against the established order, and to recall an eventful and fruitful past.

Art in this country before our Academy ever saw the light was a Pegasus with weighted wings. When artists such as Benjamin West and John Singleton Copley and Gilbert Stuart sought to perfect their skill they went to Europe and finding atmosphere they remained there as long as they could. The painter was called in to make signs; decorate omnibuses and stages; "limn" portraits with the hardness of the monkish illuminator; and to give historic records in terms of canvas and pigment. John Trumbull set the pace in the days which followed the Revolution when he proclaimed that "the profession of painting, as it is generally practiced, is frivolous, little useful to society, and unworthy of a man who has talents for more serious pursuits. But to preserve and

The National Academy of Design is celebrating the centennial of its foundation with a traveling exhibition

John W. HARRINGTON

diffuse the memory of the noblest series of actions which have ever presented themselves in the history of man is sufficient warrant for it."

Such was the first president of the New York Academy of Fine Arts, situated in a shabby and draughty little building not far from the City Hall. There he had his studio and there he ruled as autocrat while he committed to canvas with painful accuracy scenes of the War for Independence of which, to recall the Vergilian line, he considered himself to have been *magna pars*. The old collection of pictures in the old structure was not great, and the examples of sculpture were mostly casts. The merchant princes of New York, when the nineteenth century was young, brought over busts and statues from the European tours. Some were even as bold as that Philadelphia collector of the period, who imported a copy of the Venus de Medici and arranged for it a private view in his house, "the manners and morals of the Quaker City forbidding its exposure to the public eye."

There was a national spirit stirring in art even under such conditions, and the staid, old New York Academy had to recognize the desire of youth to learn to use brush and pencil. Thus she graciously permitted students to visit her collections in the hours from six to nine o'clock in the morning, for the purpose of drawing from the casts. Such innovations as night art classes were then unknown, for even had practice sanctioned them, how could such a callow crew be trusted with lamps which, upset, might send the artistic riches of the Academy up in smoke!

To that repository on an autumn dawn just a century ago went two young men asking for



"WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE"

BY DOUGLAS VOLK

admission, and finding the door locked they raised their insurgent voices. The janitor, a veteran of the Revolution, had grown weary of letting persons into the building at six o'clock in the morning to make pictures of images and he therefore refused his duty. The youths who insisted on being served were Thomas S. Cummings and Frederick S. Agate. As they were leaving they met a well-known painter, William Dunlap, who suggested that they make a protest to the directors of the Academy, but that they declined to do because they had already registered several unavailing complaints. So Dunlap brought the issue before Colonel John Trumbull himself.

"When I began my study of painting," thundered Trumbull, "there were no casts to be found in this country. These young gentlemen should remember that the directors have gone to great expense in importing casts and that the students have no property in them. They must remember that beggars cannot be choosers."

Then the tocsin of war was sounded, and on November 8th, 1825, came into being the New York Drawing Association, which in January of the next year became the National Academy of the Arts of Design, duly chartered by the State three years later as the National Academy of Design. Its first president was Samuel F. B. Morse, then a struggling young artist, to be known later as the Father of the Telegraph. Henry Inman, also a distinguished historical painter, was vice-president; John L. Morton, secretary, and the recalcitrant Cummings, who became the historian of the Academy and one of her moving spirits always, was chosen the treasurer.

From that day the stories of the National Academy and of American art were developed side by side. It seems hard to separate their threads. From the inception, the Academy was a teaching organization, which also took up the function of exhibiting meritorious works of art. Just a glance at the names of her founders shows what she had to give and how deep was bound to be her impress upon

the development of a national style. The "Fifteen Immortals" (the last of whom, Mr. Cummings, died in 1894) consisted, beside him, of M. I. Danforth, William Dunlap, Asher B. Durand, John Frazer, Charles C. Ingham, Henry Inman, G. Marsiglia, Peter Maverick, S. F. B. Morse, Edward C. Potter, Hugh Reinagle, Ithiel Town, W. G. Wall and Charles C. Wright. The roll of the "Second Fifteen" includes Frederick S. Agate, Alexander Anderson, Thomas Cole, James Coyle, John Evers, William Jewett, William Main, John Paradise, J. Parisian, Rembrandt Peale, Nathaniel Rogers, Martin E. Thompson, John Vanderlyn, Samuel L. Waldo and D. W. Wilson. Out of the two groups, the second chosen by the first, came the genesis of the Academy—always adding to her numbers by selection, and to be self-perpetuating to the world's end.

From the old Almshouse, abode of beggars before it became the starting point for such organizations as the New York Historical Society

and the American Museum of Natural History, the newly fledged Academicians went first to a room on Broadway, where they could work in the evenings, and also have lamps. As the organization grew, it bought a building at Broadway and Mercer Street and so expanded that it could give exhibitions and also have classrooms.

Then came that proudest of days, back in 1863, when with elaborate ceremonies the cornerstone of a new edifice at Madison Avenue and Twenty-third Street was laid. A creation of gray stone in the Italian Gothic rose—a veritable “Doge’s Palace” which served as the home for the Academy for many a year. In its basement, most of which was exposed to the direct sunlight, were placed the schools of the Academy which by this time had grown into a membership of several hundred. The ground floor was used for executive offices and one or two class rooms, and through it was a vast hallway, lined with statues, and having at its rear a grand staircase leading to the lofty exhibition galleries which occupied the top floor.

Hardly had the fingers of time begun to tone the outer walls of this citadel of the arts than the undying restive spirit of youth again asserted itself. The French influence, heightened by the many points of contact which came from the Centennial Exposition of 1876, swept over the younger generation of artists. The Latin Quarter spread its lure. In the clash of ideals, a group of the members gathered up their metaphorical easels and founded the Society of American Artists in the year of grace 1877. Another sign of rebellion against what were called academic methods had appeared two years before when the Art Students’ League seceded from the Academy’s schools and proclaimed new methods and a new era, and established itself in East Twenty-third Street, under the lee of the doge’s palace and all its Ruskin traditions. Here and there coteries devoted to this or that phase of art, in the flush of independence, flung new challenges



“MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE”

Owned by the City of New York

BY SAMUEL F. B. MORSE

against the Venetian stronghold of conservatism and tradition.

The growth of the city northward, the reach of buildings skyward, the trend of real estate prices upward—and in 1895 the old Academy, if we may so call her, sold her picturesque structure for a great price. She finally invested in a site at Amsterdam Avenue and 109th Street where she erected unpretentious temporary quarters for her collections and schools. She had dreamed far into the future, too far, some say, and critics within and without her fold insisted that she should have remained closer to the heart of the city. So leaving her Lares and Penates in the rambling brick buildings as an outpost, the Academy obtained an equity, also, in the Fine Arts Building in West Fifty-seventh Street, where she held semi-annual



"VALLEY OF THE VAUCLEUSE"

BY THOMAS COLE

In the Metropolitan Museum of Art

exhibitions. In the course of time, in the year 1906, the Society of American Artists, the embers of insurgency ashen cold, was united with the Academy once more. Under the same roof, the Art Students' League and the Academicians foregather, without serious clash, and students wander in and out of the Academy's exhibitions without scrip nor purse. Independents, Cubists, Post Impressionists and all sorts and conditions of artists have their fling, and still the ancient and honorable institution, harking back to her own hectic infancy, smiles and takes them all into her arms, and hangs some of their pictures, and continues to set her even-going pace.

Today the National Academy of Design is what she is because she has always enrolled only those who practice art—painters, sculptors, illustrators, etchers, architects, artists all. The Pennsylvania Academy which gives the laity a voice in its councils is really the oldest organization in the country devoted to art. This may seem a distinction *sans différence*, but it is just that fine gradation which has enabled the National Academy of Design to live up to her ideals through sun and shine. Futurists have raged and the Cubists imagined square things but the ancient and honorable Academy has been a bureau of standards all these years. She has been adding

bright color here and a touch of fancy there, and has all the time insisted on the laws of composition, and held it to be her inalienable right, to teach young persons to draw and to know symmetry and anatomy before they went seeking after strange gods. It has convicted no one of *lese majeste* for scoffing at her jury system, for did she not start her own career by making Trumbull roar like the guns of his "Battle of Trenton?"

This Centennial Exhibition, now on view in the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington and to be seen in the Grand Central Art Galleries in New York City next month, reveals a wide range. Most of the paintings and sculpture shown are from the collections of fifteen hundred works of art possessed by the Academy herself. As every associate gives his own portrait when he is elected and as every Academician must present one of his works to the institution, this thesaurus on Morningside Heights could of itself furnish forth an exhibition. What with masterpieces loaned by museums and by private owners, American art for a century offers its best. The paintings there reach back to the Hudson River School; they include the grandiose

"CARITAS"

BY ABBOTT THAYER

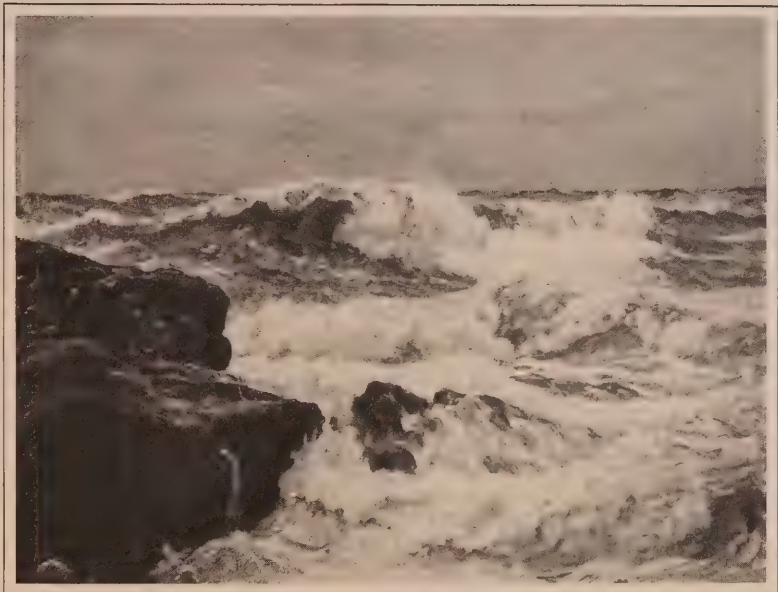
In the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston



styles when artists delighted in allegory; they reflect the days when young America put on its smock and declared for Impressionism, the same youngster who thirty or forty years later held up his hands in horror at the sacrilege of Neo-Impressionism. In this old Academy of ours the radicals of yesterday become the conservatives of tomorrow.

Here is Albert Bierstadt showing the Wild West with all the meticulous care of the school of Düsseldorf; Elihu Vedder with his William Blake fancy and his academic soul; Abbey brings us back to the pilgrims of Canterbury and John La Farge

lives anew. And yonder are canvases of that son of daring, John Singer Sargent, who presumed to



"ROUNDING THE POINT"

BY PAUL DOUGHERTY

throw all precedents to the winds by painting men and women as they were to the very depths of their souls. In nankeen trousers we see the Marquis de Lafayette, when he came on his triumphal tour of the country and posed for his portrait for Samuel F. B. Morse.

The chastely academic figures painted by Abbott Thayer, Kenyon Cox and George de Forest Brush are contrasted with the brawny prizefighters and the scrawny East Side swimming kids of George Bellows. George Inness, who in his day shocked the conventions by casting all detail from him and showing landscapes which were poems in paint, and D. W. Tryon's trees nodding in autumnal haze, will show how all including was the sweep of "Academic" art.

John W. Alexander, William Gedney Bunce, Robert Blum, Max Bohm, F. E. Church, William Dunlap, Frank Duveneck, Thomas Eakins, Chester Harding, Winslow Homer—these are just a few of the names we see as we run down the alphabetical alignment of the catalogue.

How far flung has been the influence of the old Academy is shown even by the names of the institutions which have sent examples from the studios of the N. A.'s and the A. N. A.'s, past and present. Among those lending pictures for this Centennial Exhibition are: The Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Brooklyn Museum, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy, the Carnegie Art Institute, the Cleveland Art Museum, Chicago Art Institute, National Gallery of Art, Washington,

"EDWIN H. BLASHFIELD"

BY ERNEST IPSEN





"THE AMEYA"

In the Metropolitan Museum of Art

BY ROBERT BLUM

D. C., Milwaukee Art Museum, Worcester Museum of Art, University of Pennsylvania, Albany Institute, Telfair Academy of Arts and Sciences and the Rhode Island School of Design.

Such an exhibition as this is indeed an event of national importance worthy of sanction by the President of the United States and of the presence of the representatives of American art and of the envoys of painting, sculpture and architecture from beyond the seas. It will help bring about that day when adequate space for the salons of the Academy may be found every year.

As a teaching organization the Academy shows her best in this retrospective exhibition, for in her dingy old class rooms in Twenty-third Street such men as Duveneck and Millet and St. Gaudens once appeared. There it was that Wilmarth taught the traditions to hundreds of aspiring pupils before he went to the Art Students' League—and then later, when he returned to his niche in the palace of the doge.

In early days the founders themselves in-

structed the students, giving of their time at nominal salaries, for as there were no tuition fees and scant endowments, there were no funds to pay large salaries. In the schools of the Academy classes were in charge of such educators as Thomas Cummings, Edgar M. Ward, C. Y. Turner, George Maynard, Will H. Low and others of equal worth.

In the low and rambling building in Amsterdam Avenue fully five hundred students a year receive instruction which grounds them in the very essentials of art and fits them to take up any work they will, be it portrait painting, advertising or the newest of the "isms." Whatever they do they prove the

value of their basic instruction now given so freely because of funds conserved through a hundred years of service and managed by the Academicians, generation after generation.

It is to carry on such work as this that the Academy is now arranging to raise a larger endowment so that it may increase the number of scholarships which send the ablest students to the American Academy at Rome, to Paris and Fontainebleau or to enable them to follow a wider range of studies at home. It is also proposed to build, either on Amsterdam Avenue or at some other site, a College of Art not only for training future painters and sculptors in the fundamentals, but also to provide an adequate and dignified setting for the splendid collections of the Academy and for the current exhibitions. Then the "venerable" and ever virile institution will be well equipped for another century of varied service. This service, if one may judge of the future by the past, will be of the greatest artistic value to America.

"FRACILINA"

BY ATTILIO PICCIRILLI





LA PORTE D'HONNEUR, EXPOSITION DES ARTS DÉCORATIFS, PARIS

THE EXPOSITION IN PARIS

WHEN CÉZANNE uttered his historic dictum that all form could be reduced to the cone, the cylinder and the cube, the corner stone was laid for a movement which had its fullest expression in the international *Exposition des Arts Décoratifs* in Paris. Cézanne's esthetique, the credo of modern art, was developed simultaneously with the age of scientific research and the glorification of the machine. Both of these are determining factors in the development of the new *décor*. It was, however, due to Cézanne's pronouncement that we substituted the philosophy of the angle for the curve, that we came to see that the intersection of two planes might be as beautiful as the relation of two colors, and that beauty was as existent in mere mass and proportion as in ornamented shapes. It is due to this that we have learned that designs whose inspira-

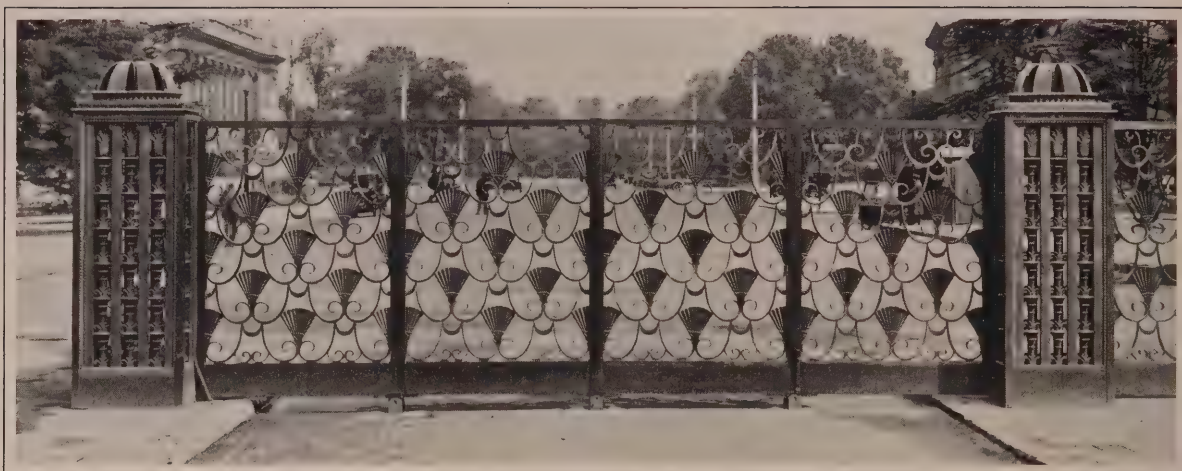
*First of two articles on the
International Exposition
des Arts Décoratifs which is
now open in Paris*

Helen Appleton Read

tions are the clean lines of the machine may be quite as beautiful as those deriving from animal, human or flower forms. To have absorbed consciously or not this esthetique is a neces-

sary perquisite to an enjoyment and appreciation of the new note for which the international *Exposition des Arts Décoratifs* stood sponsor.

International by courtesy rather than by fact, for although the nations of the world were invited to join in with France to make this a twentieth-century convention of the decorative arts, twenty-six of them accepting, it is after all primarily a French exhibition. France alone is comprehensively represented; it is her exhibits which constitute the major interest and major part of this great dedication of a modern *décor*. Interesting as are many of the foreign pavilions, they can in no way be said to represent their countries, since



WROUGHT IRON GRILLE OF THE PORTE D'HONNEUR

BY EDGAR BRANDT

they show a limited selection representing not so much the country as the special tastes and opinions of a committee, whose judgment in the case of the Italian, the English and the Austrian was, to say the least, doubtful. While on the other hand the French exhibit represents the nation's output, good, bad and indifferent. All had a chance to show—the artists, designers, students and manufacturers of *industries de luxe*—provided that they complied with the requisite of admission which stated that only those exhibits which were not dependent upon the art of the past would be admitted.

The Exposition marks the coming of age of a new *décor*. It differs from any exhibitions of the past, which have come about with clockwork regularity to celebrate a nation's progress in art and industry—a Wembley, a Pan-American or a San Franciscan—in that it is a setting up of new standards, not a perfecting or adapting of the old. It is a definite break with the past.

With the *Exposition des Arts Décoratifs* a new style is established to take its place with the historic periods. To the Renaissance, the Jacobean, the Georgian, the Rococo and the Colonial is added the Modern. It can no longer be said to be in a state of experimentation representing isolated examples by the more venturesome of the designers.

It is a concerted movement representing the fruits of many minds and many years' experience. For the first time there is revealed to the public the spirit and achievement of the whole modern decorative art movement, in the form of architecture, interior decoration, furniture, the arts of the silversmith, the jeweler, the worker in metals and the designer of textiles and wallpapers.

But the new *décor* does not merely set up new standards for old and ask us to accept them as authentic. It follows as closely the fundamental laws of esthetics as the most traditional and proves again that if harmony of line and proportion is preserved it matters not a jot whether it

WROUGHT IRON DOOR OF "THE HOUSE OF A RICH COLLECTOR"
BY EDGAR BRANDT





PAVILLION D'ELEGANCE FROM THE SIDE

takes the form geometric, or of lilies. Gone are the time honored motives of the lotus and the *fleur de lis*, the Doric column and the Gothic arch. In their place we are asked to see as beautiful and decorative, angles and geometric designs; instead of ornamentation, flat surfaces and proportioned masses. Gone is all carving and superimposed decoration; interest and variety must depend upon the application of color and flat design, or the quality of beauty existing in the unadorned material.

It is characteristic of the new *décor* that the nature of the material is at all times respected and is allowed to dictate its treatment. Wood is wood, iron iron; the bad taste that invariably ensues when the attempt is made to give the quality of one material to another, to make wood look iron or marble like lace, is avoided.

Because the war with its four years' hiatus of creative expression made an arbitrary break with what went on directly before, causing a partial forgetfulness of pre-war tendencies and aims, it is supposed by many that the modern movement is what its name connotes, a manifestation of the younger post-war generation. A mushroom growth of a stylistic, startling order brought about by the requirement for admission, "Be different!" Which is manifestly absurd to those who have watched its development in the countries of Europe for all of twenty-five years.

The movement was as inevitable a manifestation of the forces of evolution as modern art. An inevitable arriving at the saturation point of copying the art of the past, which since it could not be improved, offered no vestige of room for an exercise of creative talent. The time was ripe

for a renaissance in the decorative arts. For almost a hundred years nothing of value had been accomplished, if one counts the Empire as being the last significant style. A walk through the period galleries of the *Musée des Arts Décoratifs* tells the story of the rapid decline of taste which befell the decorative art of the last century until it culminated in the atrocities of the Second Empire and the subsequent complete atrophy of the creative faculties. Which atrophy was demonstrated in a playing safe, by merely copying and adopting recognized styles.

But art does not stand still.

Nor is the creative impulse dead, connoisseur and antiquarian, who look with constitutional pessimism at any decorative art dated later than 1820, to the contrary. We in the twentieth century present the curious anachronism of a people living in the age of the telephone, the radio, the aeroplane and automobile, yet persisting upon Louis XIV or Queen Anne backgrounds.

And wherever possible, we disguise our mechanical appliances with period camouflage. It was inevitable that a time differing so radically from any preceding one would develop a style in harmony with its special ideals and needs. The designers were bound to create in the *Zeitgeist*, which has absorbed in its consciousness the magic of electricity, relativity, the radio, "those new beauties with which the universe has enriched itself," says Georges Annenkoff, theorist of the new Russian theatre.

The first significant attempt to break through the atrophy which existed in the decorative arts was the *Art Nouveau* of the Maison Bing, featured in the Paris Exposition of 1900. The florid forms of drooping females which served as supports for balustrades, tables and lamps, the minute life-like representation of flower and plant shapes which served for design, had no permanent value because they were both esthetically unsound and out of tune with the spirit of the times. But full credit must be given to the *Art Nouveau* as the first step taken to bring about a renaissance in the decorative arts.

The modern movement has met with much adverse criticism on the part of the conservative connoisseur. In every age there are guardians of the truths of yesterday who look with hostility and even hatred upon the truths of today. But

as Anatole France said, "critics should not give way to the charms of regret. They must follow art through all its evolutions and be fearful to take for faults and barbarity that which is new research and new beauty."

And there has probably never been a movement which has met with such widespread antagonism as the present. The fact that modern art is already well established, has found its way to museums and the galleries of conservative collectors, apparently not acting as an introductory wedge. The movement spreads through Europe; it has its exponents in the United States even if we did not accept our invitation to take part. We are quite unanimously given the palm in modern architecture. War may erect barriers of political and national hatreds but it cannot prevent the seeping through, the interchange of ideas. Ideas and preëminently artistic ideas are the great internationalizers, the guardians of a permanent neutrality. In the modern *décor* there are evidences of the Wiener Werkstæde, Munich Secession, Swedish and Polish peasant art, English Pre-Raphaelitism and French Cubism. It would be difficult were one to be set down in any one of the pavilions to tell offhand which was which. Excepting possibly the Swedish pavillion, which has a distinctive Nordic and out-of-doors quality.

It must be granted, however, that the first impression of the Exposition is startling. Passing through the silver obelisk-like towers of the *Porte d'Honneur* one comes at once upon a cubist dream city or the projection of a possible city in Mars, arisen over night in the heart of Paris, its unlikeness to any hitherto known architecture enhanced by its proximity to such traditional structures as the venerable grey façade of the Louvre, the tarnished grandeur of Les Invalides and the fast-mellowing floridity of the Grand Palais, permanent memorial to the exposition of 1900. The squat forms of the buildings are not due to any new movement afoot to build one-story buildings but because in the original layout for the Exposition it was stipulated that the four towers glorifying the wines of France should dominate the scene in the matter of height. As it happens it is only from this point of view that they can call attention to themselves, as architecturally they are old-fashioned and uninteresting, while the low buildings have offered many amusing



RUHLMAN PAVILLION, "THE HOUSE OF A RICH COLLECTOR"

architectural solutions of the modern note. Some have interpreted it with dignity and restraint, others have stressed the bizarre and conspicuous.

The note of the Exposition is set from the moment one enters the wrought-iron gateway of the *Porte d'Honneur* executed by the celebrated *ferronnier* Edgar Brandt, whose talent has done so much to add beauty and distinction to the architectural exhibits. From this point of vantage the Exposition can be seen at a glance, its cubist shapes and futurist colors stretching away across the Alexander Bridge to the great dome of Les Invalides, looking like nothing so much as a Picasso abstraction.

It is in architecture that the modern note may be said to have reached its highest expression. Necessity and economic conditions having done much to speed its development, both in the matter of design and material. The building material of the future, according to French experts, is *concrete armé*, reinforced concrete. Wood having become scarce in a country devastated by war, and very expensive, marble and stone equally so, France, the most economical of nations, has seized upon this cheap building material to develop its architecture. Concrete is durable and has architectural possibilities, although hitherto is had only been used for strictly utilitarian purposes.

A new material demands new forms. It dictates the design which it will incorporate quite as much as the economic conditions which made the inventions of a new material necessary. Concrete is most successfully used when the design is simple, the mass heavy and unbroken. But esthetically we have been prepared to enjoy simple forms; have found pleasure in contemplating the clean lines of machines and labor-



PAVILLION DE L'INTRANSIGEANT

saving devices and in a soft coal-laden atmosphere have come to rejoice in surfaces without dust-catching ornament.

In those houses in which the idea has been most successfully developed, the Ruhlman Pavilion known as the House of a Rich Collector, and the *Pavillon d'Élégance*, to mention the most outstanding examples, we are reminded in the simplicity of their treatment, the rooms without corners, the doors and windows without trim, the cornices without ornament, of the homes of those supermen of the future whose dwellings H. G. Wells describes in an early story as being a combination of cleanliness, beauty and labor-saving devices.

But to be simple is not the whole story of the new architecture. If that were the case factories and warehouses would answer the purpose. Architecture to be architecture and not mere building must have artistic significance. The question is how to attain it with the new material. Fenelon tells us that ornament is best added by decorating the supports of a building. But how can one deco-

rate the supports of a building when those supports are invisible steel pins? How do this and remain architecturally pure? And architectural purity is the slogan of the new architecture—that no structure shall be added which does not perform some necessary function in the structure of the building. Applied ornament in the form of a flat design is as far as the architect can go. This offers, however, opportunity for much ingenuity and one finds tiles of gold, silver and color or molded arabesques on many of the buildings. The modern architect's fundamental problem is to observe harmony of proportion. Given a material which is not beautiful in itself he can still achieve distinction by fineness of proportion, even if there is no ornamentation.

Very effective in conjunction with this architecture is the art of the *ferronnier* which is having a great revival in France. Ironwork is employed for balconies, doorways and gates; shops have their trademarks done in wrought iron and placed on the entrance door. In fact it is used in every possible capacity.

(Concluded next month)

Sports in American Sculpture

SPORT IS THE common denominator of American life. It links in its great equation scholar and stoker; millionaires and human millions; bootblacks and bibliophiles. Its steel-thewed heroes and its rangy-framed heroines are worshipped alike in office and elevator car; in parlor and in kitchen. All the arts are bidden to glorify its favorites of diamond, ring and gridiron and to exalt its triumphs of muscle over matter. The graphic skill of the illustrator, the all-seeing eye of the camera, the magic of the silver screen and the brush of the painter celebrate the forms and faces of its super-champions. The plastic art often receive commissions to create monuments, memorials, trophies, images, reliefs and medals dedicated to the deeds and poses of the idols of the athletic age.

Modern sculpture in responding to the call has a problem of presentation far more difficult than that with which classic antiquity had to cope. Phidias and Praxiteles in making their studies of the human form were inspired by the sight of athletes in training for the games of Greece. They saw youth and strength in the nude and selected from many types the lines and curves which enabled them to realize their ideals. The garb of the contenders in all the ancient sports was nothing in detail as compared with the apparel of twentieth-century contests. The rules of the competitions

Figures of the athletic field have served as inspiration for many works by contemporary sculptors

RICHARD ELMORE

requirements of form in the technical athletic sense, as well as to satisfy the upholders of the laws of composition, is being demonstrated continuously in the field of modern sport sculpture. Mrs. Laura Gardin Fraser, for example, has produced only recently the figure of a golfer in all the toggery of tweed, which the most exacting "pros" declare to be accurate in detail and

which marked the Olympiads were simple enough, the attitudes were not specialized, the motions not standardized.

That it is possible for the artist to meet all the requirements of form in the technical athletic sense, as well as to satisfy the upholders of the laws of composition, is being demonstrated continuously in the field of modern sport sculpture. Mrs. Laura Gardin Fraser, for example, has produced only recently the figure of a golfer in all the toggery of tweed, which the most exacting "pros" declare to be accurate in detail and

impeccable in pose. To put even scant apparel on a figure and to make the observer feel that there is a real body under the cloth is an undertaking that challenges all the skill and knowledge of the twentieth-century sculptor. Dr. R. Tait Mackenzie, who handles the scalpel of the atelier and of operating room equally well, succeeds admirably in doing that, because of his skill both as an anatomist and as a director of physical education. He has trained young men in the games of track and field and studied their muscles in action. His earliest sculptures, it will be remembered, were ideal figures made from hundreds of measurements he had taken at the University of Pennsylvania, in connection with his duties as a professor in the medical department of that institution.

His "The Compet-

"VICTORY"

BY EVELYN LONGMAN BATCHELDER



itor" in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, a bronze statuette about fifteen inches high, represents a nude youth who is shown in the act of bending over, tying a modern running track shoe. It may be thought that, owing to the purpose which actuated Dr. Mackenzie which was first an anatomical rather than an artistic one, that his athletic figures are lacking in action. That surmise does not hold good, however, in sight of his "Supple Juggler," also in the Metropolitan. It is absolutely groundless before that splendidly virile medal of his, so aptly called "The Joy of Effort," which represents three youths in a hurdle race negotiating the barrier. Their technique, their garb, and everything about this medallion masterpiece reveals



"GOLF SUNDIAL"

BY LAURA GARDIN FRASER

a thorough understanding of the spirit of track athletics. It is more convincing, in a way, than "The Sprinter" by Charles A. Lopez, which shows a runner poised upon his finger tips, ready for the crack of the starting pistol. American sculptors, as a rule, do not care to represent exhausted runners, or dying gladiators, or any figure of which the force has been spent. Even so admirable a group as Viggo Jarl's "The Winner of the Marathon," showing the victor of the track listless and worn, supported on either side by a comrade, lacks in the appeal which marks the works of our own sport sculptors.

Baseball is a game which will receive much more attention in the sculptural art than it does at present. There is no

"GOLF PLAYER"

BY E. E. CODMAN

Courtesy of the Gorham Company



"THE CADDY"

BY PHILIP S. SEARS

Courtesy of the Ferargil Galleries





"THE COMPETITOR"

BY R. TAIT MACKENZIE

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

lack of popular idols. A. Weinman's statuette, "The Pitcher," enjoys a wide vogue. The figure in bronze certainly has no "glass arm," that is, is devoid of any muscular stiffness; it gives the impression of aggressive strength and practiced skill in the great American technique of putting the horsehide sphere over the plate. Another characteristic example of art inspired by the diamond was "The Base Ball Player" which the San Francisco sculptor, Douglas Tilden, exhibited in Paris. There was a proposal made two years ago to erect a baseball monument in Washington, D. C., and James

Earle Fraser, the New York sculptor, was asked to supervise the details of a contest in which designs were to be submitted. Owing, however, to certain unpleasant revelations about a World's Series, the project has been permitted to stay in retirement for the present. There is, however, no field of sport which calls for greater skill in depicting action and a more thorough understanding of technique than is that of the realm in which rule the home run kings.

Football challenges all sculptors who delight in showing wrestling human figures in mass action. Mackenzie's "Onslaught" is typical of all the grimness of gridiron agony and glory. The single figure of a football player by Jacques L. Lambert is vibrant with action. Tilden's "Football Players," a group in which one player is binding the injured leg of a comrade, has hardly the stir which captures lovers of the struggle of the elevens. John Frew's extraordinarily spirited group called "The Tackle," reproduced on the cover of this issue, is the reverse of this and is full of just that spirit of the game which player and spectator alike thrill over.

As pugilists figured in the Greek and Roman art, so do they in modern, although often in academic positions, as witness

"THE FOOTBALL PLAYER"

BY JACQUES L. LAMBERT

Courtesy of the Gorham Company



Charles H. Niehaus' "The Cestus," also in the Metropolitan, which shows an iron-jawed fist fighter bearing the deadly devices which were used before gloves. There is more of the modern ring champion in "The Pugilist" of Paul Landowski, exhibited in France, a figure which has more of the downrightness of Dempsey than the charm of Carpentier. Such painters as Bellows and Luks have pictured the battles of the roped arena. With the growing popularity of prize fighting as an amusement, the disciples of the plastic art will be called upon more often to show

the exemplars of the manly art of self defence in barrages of blows.

One often wonders, in looking at Myron's "Discobolus," just how far that crouching figure could have thrown the disc he so deftly balances. If an old arbiter of the games should return to earth, he might say that the "Ready" or whatever the position might be called was not quite correct, for after all this famous statue had been restored considerably before it was placed on public view. It is certain that discus throwing had rather a well developed method. The modern statuette of bronze in the Metropolitan museum, erect and sturdy, shows the player with the plate held aloft in his left hand, preparatory to quickly transferring it to his right. With all due respect to these ancient quoit flingers, sculptors have given far more action to the discus hurlers and the shot putters of this twentieth century. "The Flying Sphere" of Mackenzie is a revelation of power and of virile grace. Classical wrestling at its best probably produced no better developed figure than our own William Muldoon, wrestler and man builder, who in his younger days posed so acceptably for painters and sculptors as the perfect male being. Berthold Nebel's "Wrestler," which is a contemporary version of the ungente art of grips and strangle holds, is an able piece of forceful modeling.

That venerable and yet ever up-to-date pastime of polo, as it is practically always played by amateurs who are wealthy enough to engage the best of sculptural talent, has come in for a good deal of attention from time to time. Victor D. Salvatore has shown us some of these players in action. The representations of the game by Mrs. Fraser, especially the medals she has designed, reveal that no sport has greater possibilities than has this stirring contest of men and ponies which came to our Western civilization by the way of Persia and India. Tennis was once accounted to be a mild interchange of soft balls over a delicate tracery. It is now swift volleys, heartbreaking speed and acrobatic attitudes which defy the academic. What armature could be found which would hold the figures of our men and women champions of the racquet down to earth? Alfred D. Levy's "Girl Tennis Player" is in the spirit of this age in which the often designated gentler sex vies in most of the sports of court and field.

They have their hockey teams and in some western schools they essay lacrosse almost with the vigor portrayed in Elwell's "Lacrosse Player."



"THE SUPPLE JUGGLER"

BY R. TAIT MACKENZIE

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

They have their basketball contests and on occasion will even take to the gridiron. It would seem as though some special school of sculpture could be dedicated to the healthy, vitalized woman and girl athletes of today, who with unhampered legs fling themselves into the arena to gather its rewards of dust and medals. When Greece was young her maidens joined in the choral dance; today they interpret with the nuances of their lithe bodies the emotions of a modern world in the classic spirit. The maids of Hellas ran in the races, but Pentheileas and Atalantas in these days can pace with the winds. The beautiful beings of classic sculpture bathed, but the twentieth-century girl swims in abbreviated garb and attempts long distances and even risks her strong young limbs against the scour of the Channel tide. Women sculptors will have an abundant opportunity to show their athletic sisters in all these achievements as the new freedom rises higher above the horizon. The sedately draped "Victories" of Miss Evelyn Longman, of Miss Janet Scudder and of Miss Abastenia St. Leger Eberle, so well adapted for trophies, may very soon be succeeded by many figures of American Amazons in action.



"FISHING BOATS IN HARBOR"

BY JONAS LIE

JONAS LIE, *Painter of* LIGHT

ATAVISM claims us all. In the centre of that golden circle that surrounds our youth the castle and the mansion of a former age rise up to lure the young adventurer. This boy who

grew within the shadow of the mountain tops and played among Norse vikings found magic in the boats and wonder in the ships that came to the little Norwegian port. The northern sun of summer and the constant night of winter spelled for him the hidden miracle of light. Whence comes the sun to stay after long days and months of darkest night against whose blackness dawn at last throws color's glorious spectrum?

The human heritage of this artist comes from his Norwegian father, a civil engineer whose family had been jurists, judges, magistrates; whose sister, Erika Lie Nissen, was a great pianist; and whose cousin was Jonas Lie, the Scandinavian writer and favorite of a generation ago. His mother, an American, gave this son a comfortable, delightful home with the background of the three arts, painting, music and poetry.

Then suddenly, when twelve years old, the

An artist whose work reflects the mystery of light in the northland of his ancestry and childhood

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family was broken up by death and the boy found himself in Paris, living with his cousin, the great author. Here first the painter commenced, in 1892, to attend a small private art school,

studying painting and "the three R's," meeting at times the famous artists and authors of his cousin's acquaintance. In 1897 he came to America with two sisters and his mother, to work henceforth alone.

His first job in America seems to have been his only one. It is hard to be the head of a family and support one's sisters and mother on twelve dollars a week. This he did, finding poverty fine and inspiring in the glow of youthful power. His work, behold!—designing calico shirts—better and better calico shirts—calico shirts for nine years. Yes, from the age of seventeen until he was twenty-six.

But you must know that he rose early in the morning and painted sketches all during that time, fascinated by the sun that rose so regularly and constantly over Van Cortlandt Park. It was like early mass to him, his art and religion. The



"PATH OF GOLD"

by

Jonas Lie



"THE PASSING FLEET"

BY JONAS LIE

light was his conscience. Remember, his native land, Norway, is farther north than Iceland. In June they read all night, so in New York he lived dawn-haunted.

When in 1906 he began painting professionally he had back of him the results of constant work—numberless compositions, schemes for paintings, some no larger than postage stamps, made on a train going to work, made in the lunch hour, everywhere. The daily trip on the ferries fascinated him. The variations were countless. It was for these that, during the nine years, he left his calico bench, having planned his Sundays all week long. He worked for ease of presentation, the magnificent, apparently lazy ease of Kreisler, the concentrated charm of timing that genius knows; Pavlowa, who with such consummate ease dances for you—perfection—and then in her dressing-room hangs exhausted over a chair. It is not easy, this genius. This was his problem: simplicity of presentation; color; unapparent design without rude corners; light effulgent.

He was encouraged by work actually sold to earn his livelihood with painting: St. Louis, three paintings; Philadelphia, six—dark masses against greys, simple patterns, limited action. There was always the spirit of design, the out-crop of art that had served the southern darkies and the negroes of Barbadoes with calico shirts.

As he sold there came dreams of Norway and Paris. It seemed a peculiar personal paradise. There had been happiness and he longed for it. Life here had become hell, starvation and hunger. After all, he had satisfaction for his working through hardships; his inheritance and background were the dark winter and spring sun of the north and back to it he traveled, also to Paris. For a few months the northern nights and then to Paris.

There were Gauguin and Monet. The barbarous beauty of the former impressed, but Monet who had cleaned the palette of the world, fascinated. Here was the use of color, the red, blue, yellow; a sparkling light. This just for experts. The students in training were still drawing tightly, no latitude or liberties allowed with form. Our painter observed, and today in all emancipation knows that drawing is personal. He paints as things are. Correct drawing is not necessarily good drawing. If you can express the meat of the thing by distortion or elimination you are justified. Light gives impressions, not still but active. A boy paddling a canoe photographs as a boy still—dead lines, no action, no rhythm. The artist must give it life. Lines can be syncopated. The famous "Nude Descending the Stairs" reached absurdity because there were too many planes, too much action. Lines can merely suggest, not actually

produce movement; they are static but active in that they create impressions.

But enough of Paris. The artist came home. Beyond his inheritance he reached out to the vigor and youth of the United States. He loved the fight of creation and pioneering. Of course he was to return to Norway and Paris, visiting his stimulus.

While in New York he painted mountains and boats and the coast, over which he loved to see rise up the sun and shed the beauty of its first rays in dawn. He had developed in emotion. Things that seemed beautiful to him rose up for him to say deeply, individually. Painting is an autobiography, you make records. It shows you as you are, superficial, religious, earnest, insincere, wise—as you are. There is reason for each great artist. As years went by he felt more keenly, knew more fully, could record discovery.

He has painted the figure. One large panel of figures, decorative, Norway peasants dancing. This was sold at the great Armory show. Still he feels the greater freedom of landscape painting, freedom and spaces, high mountains, and going down to the sea in boats.

It is not that you paint the human figure, or the rose, or the land that lies over the high green hills. It is how you compose your symphony. It seems to me that art is the relation of the body to the space. Both human form and landscape can be most ugly as they develop on the canvas' area. A rose painted must speak of romance and color and lyric beauty. So we find the artist absorbed by the panorama of nature, working tirelessly in his dream of beauty's interpretation.

He has pot-boiled. Note the little sketching clubs of his youth, with good comrades, Van Deering Perrine, Maurice Stern, Ernest Roth, Walter Farndon and others. One dollar a year and a cottage at Rockaway Beach. Hard up, vacation over, he needed money to return, and painted a thriving clam chowder tent, signs and all—"Hot Dogs," "Shore Dinner," "Lobsters." Then the business of selling his sketch to the proprietor. He asked four dollars for his masterpiece. The boss was consulted. He said: "No, too much money." Two dollars. "No, too much." Finally he was offered a plate of clam chowder, which the beaten artist accepted, pot-boiling not his line.

How delightful to recall the incident at Rockaway, when the artist worked at his sketching and noticed an old fisherman who seemed to have no luck, just constantly fishing all day long, rebaiting his hook. And then, day done, came toward him and said: "Hy, neighbor, been watchin' you. How has yer patience to stand and paint all day?"

Again, in one of his little painting shows, where a little girl came up and gave him fifty cents and said: "Mother says I can have that one." Of course he could not kill so bright a happiness, and the little girl started her art collection.

There was amusement in the anecdote of his sketching a coast town when a man approached and asked how much he received for his painting. He answered modestly, "Fifty dollars," and the man said, "That third house is mine. What do I get out of it?"

Or again at St. Johns, New Brunswick, when some children threw rocks and he called them over and talked with them about who lived in the houses he painted. "That red house? Mrs. Johnson, she takes in washing." He painted the wash-line for them. The green house—and the children watched him paint the green house with red shutters. Then the yellow house, and finally a little grey house in the distance. One exclaimed: "Say, mister, you can't paint that, it's never been painted."

There was a time when he owned only one frame. Mr. William M. Chase, that great benefactor of young artists, bought a painting in the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts and then bought one at the Society of American Artists with the same frame on it, since the first picture had been returned to the disappointed artist by mistake. Such an incident, small in later years, was big then, with the attendant suspicion that the great artist liked the frames and not the paintings. The sales, however, moved toward his confirmation and confidence when both pictures were paid for and delivered.

This painter is a philosopher. "Every man has a right to be judged by his best attainments," Ibsen said; "Every great man stands alone. Failure brings friends, success is bitter through jealousies." And yet success brings a great deal of failure. Knowing the language you see by how far you fail, for technique is the language of painting. This man has succeeded, he stands alone. Yet his contact with people is pleasant. Our minds go back to Paris and his cousin, Jonas Lie, who entertained kings of the Northland, Ibsen and Bjornsen, Grieg, Sinding, Brandes. Again the glorious atavistic gift that comes to purify and exalt the imagining artist.

One day he saw the cinema of the work at Panama, and in three days he had left New York. The outstanding fact of the artist's Panama Canal paintings is their drama. He had achieved a language to speak in. He now interpreted "The Heavenly Host." It is like a new kind of fairy

tale that speaks of American engineering and shows its grandeur and its stupendous achievements. The canyons of New York have always appealed, their mountains of different contours, life-filled, the poetry and songs of labor in growth and steel. He saw "little men in pants" against hard rock, digging. He worked months, knew Goethals, the Bishop of Havana, Colonel Galliard who died for the cause, talked, met folks, collected data, sketches and fact, painted "The Conquerors" (now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art), and looked deep into the big raw cut of Culebra, the cut that, even as a cut in your body, nature tried to repair, pushing in from the sides and up from the bottom, fifteen feet an hour. Digging, while sickness attacked, yellow fever, insects, malaria. The Engineer and the Donkey Engine won—came off conquerors—and with them the Artist.

Such drama appealed to him. Small wonder that again he traveled far to the Utah copper mines in 1916, found curious pyramids, a Grecian amphitheatre, a home for the Aztecs, big puffs of smoke that rose a thousand feet from little engines down below mountains. So he painted the copper mines built up, imaginative canvases that thrilled the mine owners who bought the entire series outright, for business men like imagination and if they are good they, too, possess it. So you may see this artist in New York, looking down fascinated at miners building foundations for big, mountainous hotels or office buildings.

Light is his metier. Above all things he paints color. Facing the sun there is blue against yellow, purple after gold. In his studio one day he laid before me a sheet of green paper and put on it a disc of color; it was red-lavender. Then a sheet of blue; the same disc was orange. Against red it was green, and when I looked at the disc alone it was grey, darker than pigment white, but brothers. It was astonishing, for I knew of light, and we talked of eye susceptibility—fatigue; how yellow will produce purple, and blue inevitably show orange, its complement. To quote the artist: "There is no such thing as the isolation of one color. Light and every color change according to the near position of another color. Grey against yellow turns purple, as even a red brick chimney against a yellow sky will assume a purple hue; people will see it red, knowing it is red brick." I want you to consider how inadequate our colors in pigment are, compared to light. In the white ray of sunlight we find the primary colors red,



"THE HEAVENLY HOST, PANAMA"

BY JONAS LIE

blue and yellow which, blended, give white, the absence of which gives black. With red, blue and yellow in paint we get a dark grey. This is the lightest pigment we have, and yet snow in shadow is brighter.

"It follows as the night the day" that painting is a personal picture of an event in worship, and the artist works that he may give, however so little, some of beauty's inspiration to the world. It is not easy—for him or for you. Emerson spoke of the painter's serious delight when he said: "Why should you think that beauty which is the most precious thing in the world lies like a stone on the beach, for the careless passerby to pick up idly?" Beauty is something wonderful and strange that the artist fashions out of the chaos of the world, in the torment of his soul; and when he has made it, it is not given to all to know. To recognize it you must repeat the adventure of the artist. It is a melody that he sings to you, and to hear it again in your own heart you need knowledge and sensitiveness and imagination.

If there be no echo of yourself on the canvas, then certainly it holds a transcript from the artist's life. For its dead surface finds no value until it possesses authentic communication. Capacity to enjoy, knowledge of your pleasure; these have charmed you to the work, and as you give of yourself so in fine art you must receive from the artist. All else is vain. The thing much loved is most enjoyed.



MARQUETRY DROP LEAF TABLE

BY CLARK JONES

CLARK JONES, Cabinetmaker

THE CAREER of Clark Jones, painter, musician (under the name of Harry J. Clarke), mechanic and cabinetmaker persists in suggesting, even after we have discounted

any superficial similarity, something of the versatility, the many-faceted genius of the masters of the Italian Renaissance. It is, of course, a commonplace to refer to the present era of vigorous artistic activity as the Modern Renaissance. But never have we gone so far as to concede to any contemporary artist even a little of the manifold talent which was centered so uncharily in the great ones of the sixteenth century. To us versatility implies fluttering all ways and flying in none, and we look askance at it as incompatible with our twentieth-century god, success. Therefore, Clark Jones, whose many achievements we cannot legitimately ignore, will doubtless come somewhat in the nature of a disconcerting challenge. It is his achievements as designer and maker of superfine furniture which here interest us.

Some little acquaintance with Mr. Jones' rather picturesque career is necessary to make his attainments plausible. He is an American, born in Georgia, and, not to the entire satisfaction of his parents, was exhibiting portraits at the age

Musician by profession and craftsman by avocation, Mr. Jones creates symphonies in intricate marquetry

Horace Wesley Ott

of fourteen. He was finally sent to a theological college where, financial reverses throwing him on his own resources, he taught music "on almost anything that had strings." A turn of

chance landed him in mechanical work in Kansas City, where, as an apprentice, he acquired a working knowledge of mechanics. The curtain rises on him again as a musician in Chicago during the World's Fair, conducting orchestras and still playing on almost anything with strings. There followed a residence in New York where he once more taught music. He bobs up again, this time in Europe, a member of a group of musicians, playing the better sort of banjo music in the principal cities and before the crowned heads which somehow always seem to sit so graciously in attendance on musicians. It was during this sojourn abroad, while he was living in London, that his early mechanical training first came to the foreground. Unable to find musical instruments to satisfy him, Mr. Jones set about making them himself. Some extraordinary banjos were the result, instruments possessing the sweetness of tone and the carrying quality of harps rather than the usual harsh twang of the commercial banjo. The war stopped this phase of his career;



MARQUETRY TABLE

In the Metropolitan Museum of Art

BY CLARK JONES

he returned to America and opened a studio where, until four years ago, he spent his time in teaching music.

Mr. Jones first drifted into cabinetmaking quite by chance. An impassioned believer in the necessity of living in the midst of beautiful things, and seeing little likelihood of any money forthcoming, he decided to meet his requirements in the matter of furniture by making it himself. Cramped quarters might have been a deterrent, but the problem was solved by nonchalantly turning the bath tub into a work bench. Mr. Jones does admit, however, with the emphatic corroboration of his wife, that the work had a way of spilling out over the rest of the house. The remainder of the story is the usual one of preliminary experimentation, the crystallization of his highly individualized style, a few minor mistakes and many triumphs, the most important being a marquetry table recently purchased by the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

The aim of Clark Jones, which he sets forth in no uncertain terms, is neither modest nor fraught with awe of the past: it is to make as beautiful and perfectly constructed furniture as was ever made during the eighteenth century. If he has been influenced by any predecessor in particular, it is Sheraton; and it is in his opinion Sheraton, more than any other cabinetmaker, who in his work most successfully combines delicacy of proportion and unobtrusive strength. He is not

a student of the historical periods, and consciously at least, does not copy the past. Indeed, he may be said to perform the equally difficult feat of never copying himself. Each piece of furniture owes its origin to a distinct creative impulse, and so unmistakable is the individuality which lies at its roots that one could not imagine it coming from any hand other than his own. If, occasionally, his work suggests that of the eighteenth century craftsmen, it is because beauty, irrespective of place and period, lays down certain laws which her high priests must needs obey, and it is inevitable that in the expression of their ideas they sometimes show in common the effects of her sovereignty.

The usual preliminary step, the detailed working drawing, is, so far as Mr. Jones is concerned, conspicuous by its absence. He has never made one, and were he to do so, it is unlikely that he would be able to subjugate himself for long, even to his own brain child. Nothing could be more contrary to his methods of procedure for never at the outset does he have a picture of the finished piece in his mind. It may be a table leg or the top on which he begins to work; only after the wood is in his hands do his ideas begin to assume shape and find expression in his materials. If it be a leg, he makes it in proportions which his eye tells him are correct, the remainder of the table follows suit, and so it grows. Far from having any universal applicability in cabinetmaking, the



MARQUETRY TOP OF A CHEST OF DRAWERS

BY CLARK JONES

method, nevertheless, is magnificently vindicated in the present instance where a faultless sense of proportion succeeds in avoiding all manner of pitfalls. We must add, however, that the completed piece usually comes out in dimensions which would decidedly try the patience of a conscientious copyist.

Materials, always of first importance to an artist, are, in the case of Mr. Jones, the one outstanding factor to which we can ascribe his effects. Yet, in the final analysis, there is nothing unique about them. He obtains his woods from the approved sources and uses only the kinds which have long been known to cabinetmakers. The secret is this: Mr. Jones thoroughly and completely exhausts their possibilities. Some of his most amazing results are achieved with woods marked with some eccentricity or abnormality of grain, yet existing in fragments so small that most cabinetmakers would not attempt to utilize them. It is these heretofore neglected natural mosaics which, when Mr. Jones has finished with them, run like a musical theme throughout a piece of his work. Furthermore, from woods lying near the bark, parts of the tree usually discarded by cabinetmakers, he finds the

to accept as credible Mr. Jones' statement that he "paints with woods." True, for years craftsmen have been doing somewhat the same thing but with the important difference that they have

either dyed or burnt their woods to obtain the desired color. Mr. Jones resorts to neither alternative for he has discovered that man cannot hope to equal the colors which nature has given woods. Indeed, in his zeal to retain their natural tones he has invented a clear filler which, when it is applied, neither darkens nor robs them of the original coloring. It is his practice of turning woods with inherent peculiarities of pattern and color into incomparable assets which makes Mr. Jones' work unique.

A casual survey of Mr. Jones' cabinet-work shows that his

method of procedure has been from the simple to the complex. Throughout his career, as a cabinetmaker, he has insistently avoided blurring the lines of his pieces with carving. In his early work he made extensive use of veneer in large sections, and counted upon sheer beauty of grain for his effects. He did, however, set off the plain surfaces with minute lines of inlay in ebony, holly and boxwood. It is the productions of this period



CHEST OF DRAWERS (TOP ABOVE)

BY CLARK JONES

which, by their proportions and restraint in ornamentation, may be said to suggest those of the late eighteenth century. As his style ripened and his work became more personalized, we find inlay in neat triangles and in other geometrical motifs appearing. The marquetry table in the Metropolitan Museum wherein his later work reaches its apogee, marks the almost complete abandonment of unornamented surfaces. Marquetry has become Mr. Jones' medium of expression, literally thousands of tiny pieces of naturally colored woods entering into the composition of all flat surfaces. So mysteriously intricate is the detail of the aforementioned table that one never comes upon it without experiencing distinctly the zest of exploration. The decorative effects obtained from natural design, the imaginativeness of the delicate borders, the matchless color harmony of the untreated woods—in short all that we have said concerning the art of Clark Jones—are summarized in it.

In delicacy of proportion, the table recalls the furniture of the late eighteenth century, but the design is more Oriental in feeling than anything else, reminding us of certain eastern weaves. But as we have remarked elsewhere of all Mr. Jones' creations, each bears indelibly the imprint of his originality.

Excellence of proportion, ingenious detail, color harmony, all are of little avail without the *sine qua non*, sound construction. Therefore, perhaps the most important thing we can say of Mr. Jones' furniture is that it is well made. The wood, whether it be for inlay, veneer or marquetry, is well over one-eighth of an inch in thickness as compared to the usual one-sixteenth. The drawers are mortised rather than dovetailed and as carefully made and polished as the exposed surfaces. The legs are constructed on the principle of the harp post—a core of many strips of wood each of different grain, extending the entire length of the leg. The different “pulls” of the grain render a leg so built up much stronger than one of solid wood. In addition each piece is made throughout by hand, even to the metal work which Mr. Jones himself designs and executes. It is interesting to note that the only step in the process Mr. Jones would be willing to dispense with is the endless rubbing down which he admits he despises.

We have made only incidental mention of one of the most charming details of Mr. Jones' furniture, the metal work with which he enriches it.



MARQUETRY DROP FRONT DESK

BY CLARK JONES

Each piece of furniture has its special mounts and handles; often they are designed to carry out the motif with which it has been ornamented. Mr. Jones has recently changed the finish of his metal work from antique to pure gold as being more in character with the refinement of his cabinetwork.

Second only in importance to his furniture are the mechanical means by which Mr. Jones produces it. He had not worked long before he found that he could not transmute his ideas into wood with any of the tools available. Here, once again, his early training as a mechanic proved invaluable. Mr. Jones recalled his experience with the banjos and decided to make such tools as he needed. Today, so adept has he become that, having conceived of an effect he wishes to produce, he first provides himself with the tools necessary to perform the feat. Each piece of cabinetwork calls into being its own unusual set of unnamed instruments which serve their purpose and are then discarded. So utterly incomprehensible are some of them that, were Mr. Jones to be swept away tomorrow, modern cabinetmakers would be at a loss to visualize the use for which they were intended.

There is no such thing as explicable genius. Given a genius fully explained and he has ceased to be. Therefore, we are happy to find that, try as we will to account for him, Clark Jones ever remains just beyond the edge of adequate explanation, a little remote, enigmatic, unattainable.



"FLIGHT INTO EGYPT

Courtesy of the Grand Central Art Galleries

BY HENRY O. TANNER, A.N.A.

RELIGIOUS ART IN AMERICA

IT WOULD, doubtless, astonish many people to learn that there is religious art in America today. Yet aside from stained glass, murals and other definitely ecclesiastical art, there is a large amount of work, worthy of consideration, based on religious subjects and handled with sincerity and conviction.

It is not surprising, however, that this work should be overlooked in the increasingly large output of the increasingly large number of present-day artists. Moreover, it is always true that an attempt to analyze contemporary tendencies reveals the fact that we are too close for any but a myopic vision. So near the shifting kaleidoscope it is difficult to get any comprehensive idea of the many elements of the pattern. It is easy enough afterwards to talk glibly about movements and

Contemporary American painters are devoting their art to the depiction of the great religious themes

JOAN ANDERSON

trends from the vantage point of a later day, but we only realize the significance of our own period in part.

In the present moment in art there is, of course, change, growth and the putting out of new leaves and shoots in many bewildering directions. Some of this growth, that appears to be striking down to the soil for nourishment, and consequently seems destined to live, is the art based on religious motifs, for it reflects the interest in religion and the questioning of spiritual truths that have been a legacy of the war.

Naturally enough there is no early religious art in America. Puritan tradition did not tolerate the decorating of the bare walls of its meeting-houses. Beauty having been driven out as a hand-maid of religion from the churches of Holland by the whitewash brush and attacked in fanatical



"HOLY FAMILY"

BY CARL SCHMITT

zeal in the cathedrals of England, the colonists found no need of her in their austere worship.

Even later, when the early severities of the Puritans were modified, and churches were made beautiful with mosaics, rich windows and murals, it was many years before any school of American ecclesiastical art was developed to carry out this work, for such decoration was either imported directly from Europe, or copied in spirit, if not in

letter, from the wealth of religious art of the old world.

One finds, of course, biblical paintings all along the way. The Bible was familiar ground and its stories furnished dramatic incidents and romantic themes for painters who liked a story. But much of this religious painting was rather dry bones and lacked substance. There was much care expended in working out *decor* and costumes faithfully, but

in this very preciseness the life and spirit were often lost. A mid-nineteenth-century painting by Peter Frederick Rothermel, at one time the director of the Pennsylvania Academy, illustrates this type of painting. His canvas of "The Three Marys" is carefully composed and is technically competent. Its color is lovely. Even today it glows with freshness and is bathed with an effulgence of light. But in spirit it appears rather perfunctory. Its sentiment is obvious and far from profound.

Today there are many forms of religious art and many artists who are chiefly, if not solely, concerned with producing works of religious motivation. In addition there are many others who occasionally paint a canvas of religious significance.

One must expect to find great diversity among these artists in point of view and treatment of the same subjects. There are murals that show the influence of John LaFarge and in a great measure carry on his tradition. There are murals again that have been inspired by many foreign sources. There is much that is highly sophisticated, a little that is sadly inept, but in the majority of cases there is one common feature that impresses even the casual beholder, that is the note of personal interpretation. There appears to be little merely conventional posturing in this painting, but rather the expression of personal conviction, sincere and spontaneous.

Augustus Vincent Tack is, probably, the foremost religious painter in America today. His work is all highly personal and individual. He seems able to take familiar and threadbare themes and give them the significance of their underlying truths. The tangible and particular are lost in his art in the mystic and the universal. One feels that the theme on which he works has been dropped long enough into the solvent of his imagination to emerge in a new and personal form. The music of his rhythms sweeps into our very beings so that we are melted into a mood of something between ecstasy and serene contemplation as we regard his canvases. His color heightens this emotional effect, for its enchantments of blue and rose fuse the whole composition into an ethereal harmony in which the beauty of an idea is more evident than the concrete symbols used to convey it.

It is amazing, indeed, to see how little Tack relies on representational facts for the expression of his universal idea. He seems rather to draw aside the literal and definite that we may look beyond it to its spiritual foundation. There are traces of differing influences in his work, but most of all one finds an original, personal interpretation of spiritual truths in terms of moving beauty. It

is for this reason, doubtless, that Tack is often called a mystic, yet that title only indicates that he possesses a power to convey truths by symbolic means.

In one of his recent paintings, the "Deposition from the Cross," designed for an altar painting, Tack has handled the problem of religious decoration in quite another manner than that of his "Rosa Mystica" or "Entombment." The "Deposition from the Cross" follows a more conventional formula of mural work, yet is thoroughly personal. The whole composition forms a tryp-tich and the central panel is further definitely divided into three parts by the crosses, so that there is a symmetrical framework for the light and dark masses, which focus with intensity on the figure of the Christ above the white cloth stretched on the ground. The figures are embodied as an integral part of the design giving the flatness associated with architectural decoration.

If the cool roses and blues, so characteristic of Tack's work, remind one of late Venetians, one feels that Carl Schmitt, another contemporary painter of religious subjects, has gone to the primitives for much of his inspiration. Yet here again in his work personal expression gives vitality and interest to themes that have been painted and re-painted for centuries.

Directness and simplicity mark Schmitt's canvases. He has a decided feeling for rhythmic structure and decorative effect. A mural of "The Nativity," shown at the Brooklyn Exhibition of Mural Painters last spring, gave one the impression of a mosaic because of its complication of details, draperies and figures. There is deep, pure color and a delightful richness of stuffs and textures. One would like to finger some of those heavy folds that spill themselves in incredible prodigality about and around the figures. Yet for all this beating pulse of color, opulence of materials and intricacy of linear pattern with rhythms and counter rhythms, there is assured unity of design.

One might have well believed that "The Nativity" could not be given a new significance. Yet using all the familiar paraphernalia of the patient ox and ass, the manger, the angel host and the starry sky, the artist has informed the theme with an astonishing vividness and beauty and recreated the story for us with splendor of imagination and a beautiful sincerity.

Moreover, considered as a decoration, the firm linear pattern of the painting is extremely effective, and the opulent color lights up even a dim interior. Furthermore, the delightful juxtaposition of tones in the mosaic-like texture contributes



"NATIVITY"

BY CARL SCHMITT

a definite decoration at a distance where the significance of the subject cannot be appreciated.

Of quite a different character is the work of another painter of religious themes, Henry O. Tanner, who paints scenes from the life of Christ in Oriental settings that evoke marvelously the dramatic quality of the events depicted. One of Tanner's paintings of "The Flight into Egypt" (he has more than one version) shows the fugitives passing through the city gate with its tremendous arch dwarfing their figures. Behind them one looks directly into a magically blue sky that seems to stretch into an ever-deepening infinity. The woman riding her humble beast, the man walking by her side, stand out against this infinity with startling effect. There is only another figure, and that a trivial one, in the picture, yet it is fraught with tremendous significance.

This artist gives few details of costume or locale, yet conveys a remarkably vivid impression of circumstance and place. A mystic color envelops his canvases, out of which a form is evoked, a face glows or a gesture is revealed with compelling significance. Particularly are his modulations of blue remarkable. They pass from a deep, vibrant sapphire to an almost silvery mist faintly tinged with blue. Through color Tanner lends emotion to the directness and simplicity of his statement. A statement, too, which carries with it deep religious conviction.

H. Siddons Mowbray, long known as a mural painter of various themes, recently held a showing

of a series of paintings illustrating the "Life of Christ." One realizes in viewing these panels the long study that the artist has made of the fundamental principles of mural decoration and of his thorough training in them. In each painting the proportions of the composition to the size and shape of the panel are completely harmonious, and the space relations of the design finely adjusted. The design itself is broad and symmetrical and quite suited to enhance architectural structure. Serenity and stability are effected by the simplicity of space composition in a few planes, while the decorative character of the whole is attained in a large measure by the balance of light and dark masses.

The color in these murals is usually rich and vibrant, particularly in the gradations of blue and green. There are few color oppositions or abrupt transitions, but a balance of complementary colors and a harmonious gradation of values give a pleasing tranquility to the flat linear pattern in which there is nobility of conception as well as finished execution.

William Laurel Harris was another present day artist (he died in 1924) who treated religious subjects. Murals by him are to be found in a number of this city's churches. This artist shows in his work, not only the necessity of treating murals as component parts of their architectural setting, but also of assimilating them to their surrounding decorations. In a church where varicolored marbles are used and there are the further



"ROSA MYSTICA"

BY AUGUSTUS VINCENT TACK

distractions of bronze and stained glass to be considered, the problem of mural decoration becomes enormously complicated. In the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, Harris painted a panel of "The Crucifixion" for the space in the narthex under a large glass window by La Farge.

It would be impossible to consider all the artists who are painting religious subjects today, yet it is interesting to note that many, who are usually occupied with secular themes, occasionally turn to religious ones. For instance in the Winter Exhibition of the National Academy in 1914 a large canvas by Emil Carlsen, "O, Ye of Little Faith," represents Christ walking upon the water.

In the New Society's exhibition of 1924, George Bellows contributed a large painting of "The Crucifixion." The artist himself considered

that he had not worked out the composition happily, but he had seized the emotional and dramatic character of the scene and rendered them with a powerful intensity.

Eugene Savage might also be cited, for his "Stabat Mater" is a remarkable contrast to his usual allegorical subjects drawing their substance from classic origins and feeling. In "Stabat Mater" the rhythmic structure is also quite opposed to much of his other composition for it suggests Oriental influences decidedly and has no touch of the Italian tradition usually found in his mural work. In this remarkable painting he has infused a profound emotional content and, by making this bereaved mother the symbol of all affliction and loss, linked it to our common humanity.



VENETIAN GLASS VASES OF THE SEVENTEENTH OR EIGHTEENTH CENTURIES

Courtesy of the Brooklyn Museum

PLEASANTRIES IN GLASS

"THE MURANESE," said Louis XIII's chaplain, "had the idea of amusing us while we drink our wine, and of filling Europe with thousands upon thousands of pleasantries in glass."

The Muranese were the makers of what we call Venetian glass. They lived and worked on the little island of Murano very near to Venice—so near in fact that their little pleasantries were honored with the name of the great Republic; so near that the great Republic could watch over them and guard jealously the secrets of manufacture which made Venetian glass the most valuable in the world. But not all Muranese glass is whimsical. Much of it is tender in color, rich in ornament and exquisite in form; and it was so highly prized even in the days in which it was made that it was a gift one need not be ashamed of offering to a prince.

One prince, it must be admitted, did not take his gift of a Venetian glass vase very seriously. To him the creations of the workmen of Murano

In neither ancient nor modern times has Venetian glass been surpassed in beauty or technical perfection

JO PENNINGTON

were brittle pleasantries to be shattered by royal indifference. When the Emperor Frederick IV visited Venice, the Doge offered him a glass vase but the emperor let it fall negligently from his fin-

gers and remarked that in one respect, at least, glass was inferior to gold and silver: in its fragility. The Doge saw the point and replaced it with a more valuable vase of the kind suggested by his guest, but he probably sneered to himself at the sordid taste of his avaricious visitor.

Somewhat later the beauty of Venetian glass was again a source of humiliation to a diplomat, though in quite a different way. In 1615 when Sir Thomas Roe went as ambassador from the court of James I of England to that of the Great Mogul of India, Jehangir, he took with him many beautiful gifts from his royal master. He had no thought that his offerings might be unworthy of the Great Mogul until the ambassador from Persia presented Sir Thomas with "seven mirrors of Venice, so fair and beautiful that my heart sank



EARLY VENETIAN GLASS. LEFT: LOVING CUP OF CLEAR GLASS. RIGHT: BOTTLE OF OPALESCENT GLASS. *Courtesy of the Brooklyn Museum*

within me on seeing them." But the Mogul was an oriental and he did not humiliate his British friend as Frederick IV had humiliated the Doge. After all Jehangir had such quantities of beautiful things that all any ambassador could hope to do was to satisfy his curiosity.

In addition to their esthetic and technical value it is one of the charms of these Venetian pleasantries that their fragile, delicate beauty is always redolent of royalty. Any anecdotes they recall are stories of courts and princes. Bourgeois associations are unknown to them. At the marriage feast of the Prince of Mantua the guests drank their wine and then broke their glasses, at the prince's command, although they were the finest products of the Murano workshops. This quaint old custom is too expensive to be indulged in today. But even at that time it was more than a royal gesture. Mr. J. J. Jarves, whose collection of Venetian glass in the Metropolitan Museum is representative of most of the important types, explains the famous incident in this way: the finer pieces of Muranese glass, he says, are so perfect that any use debases them; and knowing this, the Prince would not

permit them to survive their betrayal. They were fashioned solely to delight the heart and the eye of man; and after they had been used to fill his stomach, even if to fill it with golden wine, they were besmirched and must be destroyed.

"The fascination of Venetian glass," says Mr. Jarves, "is that it neither rusts nor decays; moths cannot consume it nor time alter its shape or dim its beauty. But the slightest mishap may crush it as easily as a butterfly's wing. . . . There is no midway phase of esthetic picturesqueness in slow decay as in other art objects; no interval between perfect condition and absolute ruin." Frederick

IV thought glass inferior to gold and silver because it is fragile; but Frederick did not love it. No lover ever thought the fragility of his mistress a fault. The enthusiastic collector trembles on beholding its beauty, and the very shaking of his hand endangers its existence.

How glass was first made is a doubtful question, for in the very beginning the legend of the accidental discovery of glass is a charming pleantry too fragile to bear the rough shock of truth. Some Phoenician merchants, according to Pliny, landed on the shore of Belus and kindled a fire to cook their food. Finding no stones to support their cauldron, they took lumps of saltpetre from their ships; and what was their amazement to behold that when the fire blazed up and ignited the saltpetre on the sandy shore, a transparent liquid stream flowed from beneath the cauldron. Unfortunately for the truth of the story, a temperature of from one thousand to fifteen hundred degrees is required to fuse the materials of which glass is composed, and with all respect to Pliny, it is doubtful if the Phoenicians could have kindled such a fierce fire on the beach at Belus.

However the knowledge of

VENETIAN VASE OF SMOKY GLASS
Courtesy of the Brooklyn Museum



glass making may have originated, certainly the Romans were skilled in it and their skill somehow descended to the Venetians. The Greeks, the Romans and the Phoenicians were all expert glass makers; and the Arabs and the Byzantines contributed their bits toward the Venetian inheritance. The art of enameling they probably learned from the Syrians. It is believed that glass was made in Italy as early as the fifth century but there is no actual record of it until the year 1090. The mosaics in many Italian churches erected before this date would certainly prove that glass

was made long before the eleventh century.

Marco Polo gave his fellow citizens excellent advice in building up their trade in the oriental countries he had visited. As early as the thirteenth century laws had been passed prohibiting the export of sand or any other of the raw materials used in glass-making from Venice. By the middle of the fifteenth century the Council of Ten had grown so proud of its glass workers that it took entire and direct charge of the island of Murano and passed laws to discourage any ambitious worker who might be tempted to sell his skill to greater advantage in foreign lands. Few braved the rigors of the law, but if one did, he was at first ordered to return; if he refused, his relatives were all put in jail; and since this might please rather than displease him, it was followed by an order of execution. It detracts a little from this much-quoted example of Venetian harshness toward the workers of Murano to read that only two such executions are recorded.

Originally the glass workers had their furnaces in Venice itself, but in 1291 they were ordered by law to the island of Murano. This was done ostensibly to remove the danger of fire from Venice, but it is not impossible that the Council wanted to keep the glass makers under close guard and that was much more easily done if they were segregated. It is also said that they were sent there because the seashore along the island contains quartz or silica used in the manufacture of glass, but of course the sand could easily have been brought to Venice. It has always been unlawful to export this sand or use it for any purpose other than the making of glass.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century there were three hundred glass factories in Murano,



MODERN VENETIAN CLEAR GLASS

Courtesy of Adeline de Voo

and by the beginning of the nineteenth century all were gone save one. In the middle of the sixteenth century the glass maker's art had reached its pinnacle. The shops of the workers stretched for a mile along the island and in them were displayed cups and beakers, tankards, cauldrons, ewers, candlesticks, horns, beads and necklaces. In Howels' "Familiar Letters" he tells of a visit to Murano in 1621 and asserts that the glass blowers were kept on the island because the "quality and clearness of the circumambient air which hangs ore the place favoreth the manufacture." In another of his letters he remarks that a skilled glass worker becomes automatically a gentleman and "not without reason, it being a rare kind of knowledge and chymistry to transmute the dull bodies of dust and sand to such a diaphanous, pellucid, dainty beauty as we see cristall glasse is, which hath this property above gold and silver and any other metal, to endure no poison." Howels was not alone in this belief that a drinking glass made in Venice would break when a poisonous liquid was poured into it. Doubtless Venetian glass was banished from the table of the Borgias.

The workmen of Murano were organized into guilds, called *arti*, each group with its elected officer, a *guastoldo*, assisted by three superintendents. It was the *guastoldo* who selected the proof piece by which an apprentice might hope to become a master workman. Boys were apprenticed in childhood and for several years did nothing but hold the tools for their superiors. Later they were given light tasks and gradually initiated into the mysteries of the craft. One of their duties was to assist in the making of those glass threads used for decoration. The workman held a lump of molten glass on an iron rod and the

apprentice, taking a piece of it in iron pincers, ran away with it as fast as he could until the cooling process prevented his further progress. The quicker he ran, the finer and longer the thread.

The glass blowers sought out and studied specimens of ancient Roman and Phoenician glass and succeeded not only in copying the old colors but in adding to their number and improving upon them. During the centuries of the Renaissance several names stand out among the artists of the island. In the fifteenth century Angelo Beroviero kept his shop at the Sign of the Angel and to him and to his son Mariano is due a great share of the progress made in glass making during this century. Unlike many of the Muranese workmen, he was assisted by a chemist from whom he learned many new ways of coloring glass. These important secrets he set down in a manuscript kept under lock and key, but one of his workmen discovered the volume and copied its contents. This traitor then proceeded to blackmail his master, demanding the hand of Beroviero's daughter in marriage and a huge dowry besides. The master agreed to the compact and handed over his daughter and the ducats, and his charming son-in-law used the dowry to found a rival establishment. Justice obviously demands that he fail in his undertaking, but the truth is that he prospered and his house became one of the famous houses of glass makers—the house of Ballerina. One of Beroviero's descendants is employed in a modern Muranese factory at the present time. Other important names associated with the making of Venetian glass are those of Briati and Miotti, whose achievements will appear in due course.

In the seventeenth century the glass making industry in Venice began to enter upon a decline due to several causes. Changing political conditions in Italy was the first of these; with the fall of Venice went of course the fall of her most valued and important industry. Moreover glass made in England, Flanders and Germany and above all in Bohemia was driving the Venetian glass from the market. The Bohemian glass, cut and etched, was superseding the delicate Venetian glass in popular approval. The factories of Murano did not altogether cease their activities but their output was limited to the manufacture of beads, mosaics and window glass. Only one worker was unwilling to let the fame of Murano sink into oblivion. Giuseppe Briati set out energetically to revive the old methods and restore Venetian glass to popularity. He determined first of all to learn the new methods that had superseded those of Murano and went secretly to Bohemia to learn the new processes. After three

years he returned to Venice and obtained a permit to make glass in the Bohemian manner. But he made also Venetian glass, especially glass-framed mirrors and those elaborate chandeliers whose metal framework is covered over entirely with opalescent glass in foliage patterns. His death in 1772 marked the end of the finest period of glass making in Murano.

In 1806 the guilds or *arti* were finally abolished and Murano settled down apparently to its beads and window glass. But its former splendor was not allowed to die out. The Abbe Zanetti had founded a Museum of Ancient Glass on the island and a School of Design where apprentices might study, and he worked constantly to bring to light the old processes for making and coloring glass. He analyzed specimens dredged up from the canals to determine their composition and in every way tried to revive the ancient art. In 1858 when the mosaics in St. Mark's were to be restored, one Radi, a descendant of one of the famous houses of glass makers, undertook the work and with him was associated a Dr. Salviati, a lawyer of Vicenza. Finally as a result of this association a company was formed for the making of mosaic glass, financed by British capital. A factory was built on the Grand Canal in Venice and a large staff of workers assembled under the direction of Radi. This company was the Venezia and Murano Company, now one of the three important glass making factories in Murano. But Dr. Salviati severed his connection with Radi and the Venezia and Murano Company and organized one under his own name. He is generally given the greatest credit for the modern revival of the Venetian glass industry.

The modern copies of ancient and medieval glass made in Murano today are worthy of their antecedents. Both of these companies have imitated successfully the Phoenician tear and toilet bottles and much of the old Christian glass of the fourth and fifth centuries found in tombs and catacombs. The lightness of Venetian glass, both ancient and modern, is due to the fact that no lead is used in making it. The materials are as carefully chosen today as they were in the fifteenth century. Sand is brought from Tropea on the coast of Calabria and from France; soda is brought from America and oxides from England and Germany.

Venetian glass is generally grouped under six classifications, although this is admittedly more a matter of convenience than accuracy. The first of these is the transparent glass, either clear or colored with metallic oxides. The colors in very old glass are either cloudy greenish or light yel-

lowish; blue glass was usually enameled or gilded. During the Renaissance there were also such colors as amber, ruby, green and opal. The second group is the Gothic glass which was usually gilded and enameled; and third the crackled glass of the sixteenth century made by suddenly cooling the vessel when half blown and then reheating and expanding it. The Italians are the only people who have succeeded in making cracked glass; neither the ancient Romans nor the modern Bohemians have been able to manufacture it successfully. The fourth type is the Schmalz, an aventurine glass which is a variegated and marbled opaque glass often in imitation of semi-precious and precious stones—lapis, agate, cornelian and jasper. The fifth type is the millefiori, “thousand flower” glass made in the fifteenth century and perhaps before. It is made of sections of glass canes placed in a pattern and then fused together. This process was known to the Romans and Egyptians but the Italians rediscovered the secret of making it. The sixth type is the reticulated glass or lace glass and that milk-white glass called *latticimio*, made by the use of oxide of tin, in the manufacture of which the Venetians surpassed the Romans.

Aventurine glass is said to have derived its name from the fact that its manufacture was discovered by accident—*par aventure*—by a workman who dropped some copper filings into a pot of melted glass. Curiously enough when later a mineral was found that looked like aventurine glass—a kind of quartz with particles of mica embedded in it—it was given the same name; a curious example of a natural substance named for an artificial one. The Italians, however, say that aventurine glass is so called because its manufacture is decidedly an adventure; no glass maker can ever be sure that the result will be satisfactory. Its discovery is usually accredited to the house of Miotti, famous seventeenth-century glass makers; but whatever its beginning, the secret of its manufacture is still jealously guarded by the few glass makers of modern times who make it.

Murrhine glass in which gold is fused into the texture of the glass itself is made in Murano today and is an example of the way in which the modern workers have been able to rediscover the ancient secrets of manufacture. The Romans made mur-



MODERN VENETIAN DECORATED GLASS

Courtesy of Adeline de Voo

rhine glass although only a few pieces are in existence to attest their skill, but the sixteenth-century glass makers could not make it as successfully as it is made today.

Opalized glass is like the milk-white opaque glass but it has a curious trick of changing in different lights. When seen by transmitted light it is of a smoky hue, but when the light is reflected from its surface it sparkles like an opal. This difference in color in changing lights was long considered a lost secret of the art of glass making but is now known to the modern workers in Murano.

Naturally collectors love the old glass, partly because of its delicacy of color and its exquisite thinness, partly because it is the nature of a collector to love the imperfections of old things, and this old glass is full of flaws. When taken from Italy older pieces take on a misty cloudiness that make possible all sorts of sentimental explanations. But it was the thin blown glass, absolutely transparent and colorless, that first made the Murano glass blowers famous. All subsequent tricks of color and form are in the nature of gold paint upon the lily, and yet it would be inhuman not to delight in the strange shapes and colors in which the Muranese workmen excelled. We recognize it as a kind of swagger of excessive skill; we realize that these pleasantries of form and color are naïve, but not of the kind of naïveté that marks the true artist. We may not admire, esthetically, a Venetian glass galley with all its tackle, nor a glass organ that will produce melodious sounds, but we cannot help smiling with pleasure at the sight of them. Among all these pleasantries in glass we do now and then find a



PIECES OF OLD VENETIAN GLASS

Courtesy of the Brooklyn Museum



piece that is exquisite in design and ethereal in color, and we do not hesitate to call its maker, artist.

Modern Venetian glass is beautiful because the Italian possesses instinctively the necessary quickness of eye, delicacy of touch and inherited artistic sense. Descendants of the famous old glass makers—Seguso, Beroviero, Radi and others—still work in these factories. Strangers are not admitted to them. Sons of artisans are apprenticed from childhood and go to the School of Design on the island. As small boys they simply hold the tools for the workmen and by the age of sixteen ought to be skilled workmen. In ancient Rome the percentage of loss to be borne by the workman in the case of accident was set by law but today no fines are exacted because often no one knows what causes the glass to break. But the hazardous existence of these pleasantries in glass gives added interest to the survivors.

PIECES OF MODERN DECORATED VENETIAN GLASS. *Courtesy of Adeline de Voo*



"LADY WITH A LUTE"

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

BY JAN VERMEER

THE VERMEERS IN AMERICA

OF THE LESS than forty accepted Vermeers (paintings by Jan van der Meer of Delft) twelve or thirteen, about one-third of the total, are to be found in America today. If we were sticking pins in a map to indicate their distribution, we should have to dot them about in some such fashion as this: Budapest, 1; Vienna, 1; Dresden, 2; Frankfort, 1; Brunswick, 1; Berlin, 2; Brussels, 3; Amsterdam, 4; The Hague, 4; Paris, 2; London, 4 or 5; Windsor Castle, 1; Skelmorlie Castle, 1; Boston, 1; New York, 8; Philadelphia, 3.

Dr. Valentiner, in the catalogue of the John

One third of the existing pictures painted by Jan van der Meer of Delft are now in this country

DAVID LLOYD

set the number of Vermeers in this country in 1913 at seven. Mr. Lucas in 1921 (in his charming description of his tour of known Vermeers) noted the figure at ten. If we count them up today there are four in the Metropolitan Museum, beginning with "A Woman with a Water Jug" from the Marquand collection, 1888, perhaps the earliest entry in the American record; there is further the "Girl Asleep" in the Altman Bequest, the "Lady

G. Johnson Collection, Philadelphia, which contains "The Lady with Guitar," one of two paintings with which Vermeer's widow redeemed a debt of six hundred and seventeen florins,



"MISTRESS AND SERVANT"

In the Frick Collection, New York

BY JAN VERMEER

Writing" from the Morgan collection, and the "Lady with a Lute" from the Huntington collection. The three now in the Frick collection are the "Soldier and Laughing Girl," the "Music Lesson" and the "Mistress and Servant." In 1924 the Duveens brought over a "Portrait of a Youth," which brings the total for New York to eight. Philadelphia's three include, besides the Johnson painting, the two in the Widener collection—the "Woman Weighing Gold," brought to light by Dr. de Groot in 1910, and the "Young Girl with Flute" added in 1924. The Boston example is the "Concert" in the late Mrs. Jack Gardiner's collection, which came from the collection of the first Vermeer enthusiast, Thoré, and in 1892 at the Thoré sale in Paris fetched twenty-nine thousand francs. Mr. Lucas refers to one of Vermeer's "Geographer" type of paintings as being in this country. There is some indication that it may be a picture which has visited these shores without taking up a permanent abode; but if it is here it would bring the total American Vermeers to thirteen out of a grand total, as we have attempted above to reckon them, of thirty-nine—or forty, if the Paterson painting in London, "Diana and Her Nymphs," is included.

Vermeer of Delft would have been interested in the Atlantic voyage of his works. He probably would not willingly have stuck pins in a map, but he might have been accessible to the compliment of a cartographic description of his later fame. Commenting on the Czernin Vermeer in Vienna with its wall map, Mr. Lucas, who will weary of being quoted, says that "Vermeer was the first to see the decorative possibilities that lie in cartography." That might mean the uses of a map in the composition of the interior walls on which the painter spent such triumphant pains. Instances of fine wall maps, intruded at a varying rectangular proportion into the upper right corner of the canvas, are those in the Frick painting, "Soldier and Laughing Girl;" the Huntington, "Lady with a Lute," and the Marquand "Woman with a Water Jug," both in the Metropolitan; and the Ryks Museum "Woman Reading a

Letter" in Amsterdam. When in such instances the interest of the composition is focussed centrally on the canvas between a pair of figures, the horizontal map rectangle is crowded within the left margin, as in the case of the Czernin map, with its twenty views of Dutch towns decorating the complete border, or the map of Holland in the barer interior of the Frick example. The corner of the Europe map in the Huntington painting, with its seated figure truncated by the countering shadow of the almost rectangular table mass of the lower right, is still predominantly horizontal; that of the Amsterdam picture with its heavily weighted though standing figure even more so. The small intruded rectangle in the Marquand painting is unusual in being a vertical area; the figure here is not only standing but taut in its laced stays. The disposition of these geometrical, not to say rectilinear, elements of enclosed area in the design may be counted part of the decorative possibilities of which the minute surface detail is the feature carrying the more obvious but not more undisguised emphasis. Of any and all the decorative possibilities in such maps, it would be a leap in the dark to say that Vermeer had not seen them. But, after all, they

were on the actual walls, such maps, taking their place of accent with the faïence, the silver mugs and the regimented chairs. They were carefully dusted. Vermeer lights them from the window openings on the left, but no housewife allowed the winds to flop them. There is always a temptation to assume some peculiar bond of sympathy in a man who loves a map and knows not why. The Dutch of Vermeer's day knew why; and we have probably no grounds for reading things into the painter's appreciation of the decorative accidents of a contemporary vogue.

For the Dutch towns of Vermeer's day boasted cartographers unapproached unless by Sanson of Abbéville. In the eighteenth century cartographic supremacy passed to France where Delisle was born in the year Vermeer died; as in turn after the middle of the nineteenth century it rested with Germany. But Antwerp and Amsterdam were the centres for this work until after Vermeer had laid aside his then unappreciated brushes forever. A few of the facts may be recalled. The first map on Mercator's projection, the planisphere for mariners, came into general use at the time of Vermeer's birth. He was a child in arms when J. A. Colom was publishing his "Fiery Column of Navigation," and Waghener's "Mariner's Mirror" had been making its mark in its many editions in many languages. Vermeer was a boy of ten when Willem Janszon Blaeu, publisher of the *Zee Spiegel* collection of charts, began bringing out his new atlas; ultimately it reached the extent of twelve folio volumes. When Vermeer was of age the house founded by Hondius, the purchaser of Mercator's copper plates, had produced four hundred and fifty-one charts. The brother-in-law of Hondius was the publisher of the Seaman's Light charts. Vermeer was thirty-three when Kircher issued his chart of currents, *Mundus Subterraneus*. Jean Picard in France was measuring the arc of the meridian when Vermeer was thirty-seven. Hachures first took the place of molehills in David Viviers' map of the Paris environs when the painter was forty-two. In the decade following his death at forty-three the



"WOMAN WITH A WATER JUG"

BY JAN VERMEER

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

astronomer Halley gave the world his wind chart and an improved chart of compass variation. These mileposts in cartography may serve to remind us that the span of the painter's brief career was a time when Europe, led by the Low Countries, had reason to take pride, and to feel the liveliest interest, in its new and useful science of map making.

The "Geographer" paintings add a touch, if any were needed, to the impression of Vermeer's interest in maps. Besides the Frankfort picture which carries a date not relied upon, 1668, and the uncertain "Geographer" mentioned by Mr. Lucas, which may be traveling, there is, or was, an example at Brussels in the collection of Vicomte du Bus de Gisegnies. The sitter for all these paintings may have been Antony van Leuvenhoek, the naturalist, who on the application of Vermeer's widow was charged with the administration of the painter's estate by the court of insolvency. Leuvenhoek is also thought to have been the sitter for another scientist picture, "The Astronomer," in the collection of Baron Alphonse de Rothschild in Paris.

It probably would not escape the notice of a wooden Indian that there is more than virtuosity in Vermeer's management of his paint, more than



"PORTRAIT OF A YOUTH"

Courtesy of Duveen Brothers

BY JAN VERMEER

a happy invention in his pictorial practice. Some critics have felt that the sense of unity with which he invests the character of his cherished blues and greens and the multiplex whites of his walls was in the nature of a final summation drawn like a veil over the patient labor of its piecemeal inspi-

ration—less in any one work a first aim than a crowning success. This may be a penetrating judgment, but it is a fine point, certainly. The colorist, the painter in a stricter sense, will more probably be felt by most of us to show, beyond all technical proficiency, an artist's easy possession



"YOUNG GIRL WITH FLUTE"

Courtesy of Joseph E. Widener

BY JAN VERMEER

of his idea of the moment. The entire notion of any poetic pattern is less the spoken polysyllable than the struck chord. And on this head the painter would rank Vermeer a poet, though the man of letters might set him nearer Dobson than Wordsworth. Aside from craftsman skill with the brush, the imaginative distinction with which he set his stage inclines him toward a measure of theatric illusion, quite as Rembrandt often leans toward histrionic impersonation. It is this and it is more—a compelling dramaturgic tact, which, divining the character of place in a Delft street,

or the character of person in a woman in a room, frees it to speak for itself.

The appreciation of all this and the ability to acknowledge it more briefly, we may as well credit to our wooden Indian. There remains still an almost superogatory nicety to account for, an uncompromising exactitude, an utterance restrained to precisely if delicately ascertained fact, though the scope of observation is widened to admit faintly the mood of perception itself. This almost dainty rigor has something about it which is scientific at bottom, which would not find itself unsym-



"A LADY WEIGHING GOLD"

Courtesy of Joseph E. Widener

BY JAN VERMEER

pathetic with the impulse to define the results of topographic surveys on deftly engraved copper plates.

We need not compare the lettering on the maps with the reproduced print, legible under the lens, of Gerhard Dou's books. Dou's prices only were higher than Vermeer's, but Dou was the best paid painter of his day (1613-1675), while Vermeer apparently was one of the least successful. Not to invite the comparison, but to sharpen the point a bit, we might think of Dou's paintings themselves as maps—maps of faces, maps of costume, decorated with the emblems of household ware; and if so they partook, perhaps, of the vogue. Vermeer's work, in that case, would sink to the level of a lover of maps, yet an amateur possessed of the skill and temperament fit to celebrate the beauty of their decorative possibilities. From the point of view of the indulgent and too little commended baker, to whom dying Vermeer was indebted in the sum of 3,176 florins, the painter's mistake was perhaps that, instead of serving the vogue itself, he delighted in an accidental effect of it to which the good burghers were oblivious.

There is a hint of truth here which could be the whole story only if Vermeer alone had been unappreciated. But Hals and Rembrandt, of

course, fared badly too, as did Jacob Ruysdael. Jan Steen kept an inn. De Hooch was a bailiff. Hobbema collected taxes. Goyen sold old pictures and tulips. Adrien van de Velde dealt in linens. Jan van de Capelle, who had a dye shop, was rich enough to paint sky and water instead of doing ship portraits for ship owners. When Vermeer was still a pupil of Rembrandt's pupil, Karel Fabritius, killed in the powder explosion which almost ruined Delft in 1654, the Dutch with a universal carrying trade were touching the peak of commercial prosperity. In 1696, when the artistic energies of France were recovering from the concerted effort on Versailles, and London, recovered from the great fire, was about to open the choir of Wren's new St. Paul's, twenty-one Vermeers were sold at auction at Amsterdam for the aggregate sum of 1,467 florins. This third sale had been preceded by a dealer's sale of twenty-six at Haarlem in 1677, and an estate sale of nineteen at Delft in 1682. At the Amsterdam sale the "Woman Weighing Gold" (now in the Widener collection, Philadelphia) fetched 155 florins; the "Lady Playing the Guitar" (now in the Johnson collection, Philadelphia), 70 florins; the "Soldier with Laughing Girl" (now in the Frick collection, New York), 44½ florins.



MANTEL IN THE HOME OF MR. AND MRS. JAMES A. BURDEN, LONG ISLAND
Delano and Aldrich, Architects

Modern American FIREPLACES

IN THE BREAK which is being made in modern decoration from the strictly period room, the fireplace seems to be the last thing to change. Most decorators and home builders no longer insist that every detail of furnishing shall conform to some one style; their aim seems rather to create a harmony of furnishing regardless of dates or provenance. French, Spanish and Italian pieces are grouped together. The derivations from the Brothers Adam hobnob with the descendants, sometimes dubious enough,

The boldly designed mantels of the Tudors and Italian Renaissance are being used in many American houses
ROBERT DOUGLAS

of Chippendale. Older styles have been adapted by modern cabinetmakers until contemporary pieces, many of them, only faintly suggest their progenitors. Furniture styles, in other words, are undergoing an evolution out of which a new period may come.

But through all this the fireplace, as though aware of its position as the focal point of the room and conscious of its dignity, has remained a reactionary. Few experiments in new forms have been made, and for the greater part even those



REPLICA OF A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY ITALIAN MANTEL

Courtesy of Wm. H. Jackson Company

have not been altogether successful. Of course, during that remarkable period of invention which introduced the gas log to a shivering world there were experiments in plenty. Horrors of tortured walnut, stabbed with mirrors and sprouting countless shelves, writhed from floor to ceiling and echoed the agony of the whatnot. These, however, can hardly be called fireplaces; they were designed as a fitting frame for a contrivance whose very smell proclaimed the distance of its removal from fire and hearth. For the present, at least, they lack even an antiquarian interest. Apart from these, and certain imitations of logs in concrete—bad, but no worse—it is almost impossible to find a modern fireplace and chimneypiece in which tradition has not been closely followed.

The fireplace, more closely allied to architecture than furniture, changes only with building styles, and since we have developed no new style in domestic architecture since the Georgian (the 1850's excepted), it is quite natural that the frames for our fires should be reminiscent of other days. Even were an architect to attempt something entirely new he would find his problem one of great difficulty. First there are the shape of the opening and its surrounding structural members to be considered. Immediately the designer is aware of narrow limitations. For the opening he must choose a rectangle, a rectangle and arch—round, pointed or flat—or a full arch, with the Romanesque semicircle and the Saxon corbeled triangle as extremes. The relation of height,

width and depth must be worked out with the practical problem of draught playing as important a part in his scheme as the esthetic quality he hopes to achieve. The structure of the frame of the opening, which may also determine that of the chimneypiece above, is again strictly limited, so that whatever ornament he uses must follow quite definite lines. And within these limitations, except for variety in detail, there is almost nothing which has not been done in some one of the great architectural periods.

There is one possible exception to this. In recent years there has been growing up a school of "quaint charm" in architecture, examples of which have filled the suburbs of our large cities with magazine covers in wood, plaster, brick and stone. Behind those handicraft façades who knows what strange creations may lurk? The possibilities are appalling. This much has saved the day for many of them, however. Contractors have found a variation on the colonial theme the least expensive and so many houses are blessed with simple mantels. But colonial mantels, when they are good, form a subject quite apart. They belong, too, to a different social order than that which is represented by our great estates of the present day.

France, England and Italy have been drawn on heavily for inspiration for the mantels in large American country houses. French Gothic, England of the Tudors and Stuarts, and Italy of the Renaissance. In general, it is to the sturdier styles that our landed gentry have turned for their



MANTEL IN THE NEW YORK HOME OF MRS. ALICE MCLEAN

De Suarez and Hatton, Architects

manors. There is good reason back of this. A country house, to an American, usually suggests a Georgian house or some development of the cottage or feudal estate. In each of these latter there is a sturdy simplicity which appeals to our sport-loving race. Examples of both, excellently carried out, are increasing rapidly, far more rapidly than we are apt to realize, for the great emphasis in the various magazine accounts of country houses has been laid on the Georgian. Unquestionably that style is the most traditionally American, but we are making traditions in these days. Many of the fine houses now built, and many others which will be put up in the next few years, will still be fine houses when Americans have forgotten to call them French or Italian. And it is as fine houses, without undue stress on

their exotic inspiration, that they should be considered.

Naturally, this is equally true of the decoration of the rooms, including the design of the fireplace and mantel. Except in those cases where a mantel has been imported from some famous villa or chateau and has, therefore, an unusual wealth of association, it is perhaps better to pay less attention to the foreign label and think of the fireplace simply as a part in the scheme of decoration. This may seem both difficult and heretical, yet I have seen mantels which were exact copies of famous French examples placed in rooms otherwise Italian in decoration, with no loss to the general effect. In fact, in at least one case, the happy owner was quite sure that his mantel was Italian. Fireplaces, if used at all except in houses



ONE OF A PAIR OF ANDIRONS

BY LOUIS AINE LEJEUNE

Courtesy of the Krausbaar Galleries

of foreign design, were rare in Spain, and yet no one objects to an Italian fireplace in a Spanish room. We have even designed Spanish fireplaces, using a combination of wall-niche and kitchen, which, although they have no actual prototype in Spain, seem quite appropriate in a modern American Spanish room. We cannot, therefore, be too captious. It is of importance that the fireplace and the room be in harmony; it is of much less importance how that harmony is achieved.

Although the modern tendency is to rely more on the decorator's sense of design and harmony than on fixed rules, the treatment of a room with a fireplace may be roughly divided into two schools. In one the fireplace is made the centre of interest, other features being subordinated to it and so arranged that the eye is led to the mantel. In the other the fireplace becomes simply a part of a general decorative scheme. The first is based on the traditional architectural theory that in any room, as well as on the façade of a building, there should be a focal point. It is a tradition whose successes attest its worth. The number of beautiful rooms, however, where the rule has been broken prove

that there may be equal honor in the breach. Also, rooms not so successful show that neither system is fool proof. One thing, though, is certain. A fine mantel will add beauty to any room; it will often make charming a room otherwise uninteresting.

Fireirons, the furniture of the fireplace, present a wider variety of choice than do the mantels. Fireirons themselves are most closely related to the fireplace by scale; period is of secondary importance. English, Italian and Dutch andirons have so much in common that only the most meticulous decorator would hesitate to place an Italian pair in an English fireplace because of differences in origin.

Both the height of the andiron and the quality of its ornament determine its scale. The

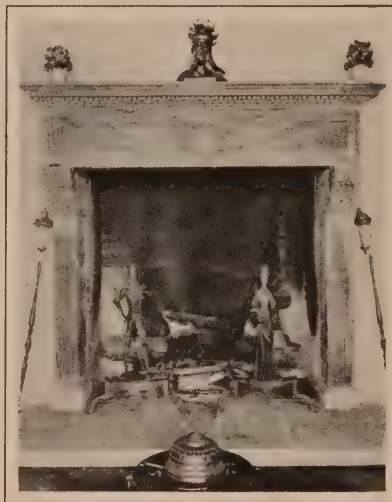
simplest form, the heavy, columnar shaft surmounted by a ball, looks larger than either a more slender or more ornate piece of the same size, and will look out of place in an ornamented mantel. For heavy, stone mantels, suggestive of feudal days, the scrolled Italian andirons, or those topped with cages for holding *flambeaux* are always harmonious. And, either in the original or reproduction, the English andirons with racks for pokers, forks and spits are highly desirable.

In both Europe and America sculptors and craftsmen have often designed andirons using figures of men, animals or mythological creatures

as motives. Some of the Italian examples show great skill both in design and execution.

In modern times the American sculptor, Hunt Diederich, has made interesting pairs of andirons as well as the decorative iron firescreens which are better known. The firescreens made in France by Edgar Brandt, the *ferronnier* whose work is the finest in modern Europe, are beautiful examples of craftsmanship and design. The pair of andirons by Louis Lejeune, of which one is shown in the illustration, offers a striking example of combined use and beauty.

FIREPLACE IN THE HOME OF MR. JOSEPH RITER. ANDIRONS BY HUNT DIEDERICH





"STILL-LIFE" 1763

In the Louvre

BY CHARDIN

CHARDIN *the* UNFASHIONABLE

A SIGNBOARD swinging above the shop of a barber-surgeon at Paris in the early years of the eighteenth century is not a bad point of departure for the story of the life and

work of the artist who painted it, Jean Baptiste Simeon Chardin. Nor is this signboard creaking away over a narrow, dark street important because it is the first independent commission of a young painter, but rather because it indicates, as surely as proverbial straws the direction of the wind, much of the temperament and character of the man who made it. For Chardin, ignoring all the explicit orders of his patron to represent the implements of his trade, painted a group carrying a man wounded in a street brawl to a surgeon, thus revealing that peculiar gift which characterizes all his work of finding in the homely things of everyday life subjects most suited to his genius.

Yet never did a gift promise less to its possessor. Never did a man belong less to his age and more completely to himself than did this same Chardin. Posterity now acclaims him as one of the great colorists of all time, but his own

In an age which produced pretty pictures for the court Chardin created works of art from cabbages and jugs

Margaret BREUNING

day gave scant heed to him. Indeed, how could it? For in such a day a man who painted carrots and onions was far removed from the acclaimed artists, who covered canvases with airy

loves and graces, and frou-frous of lace.

In this aristocratic eighteenth century—before the deluge had yet swept away class distinctions and privileges—art belonged to the king and his court and its subjects must be suited to polite sensibilities. Yet here is a bourgeois painter who portrays the humble utensils of a workman's home, paints the contents of his larder scattered about on a table or spends his entire esthetic equipment on the representation of a steaming cauldron or a bowl of eggs. Small wonder his fame does not spread far or fast among the courtiers, perpetual revelers in *fêtes galantes*, striving with jaded sensibilities and feigned enthusiasms to forget reality in a stale atmosphere of artificiality.

Yet if these elegant ladies and gentlemen had looked either long or earnestly at Chardin's canvases with their bits of homely wares—jugs and



"LA CHARMEUSE"

BY CHARDIN

pots and bottles, cabbages and dead hares—they would have discovered that however bourgeois the subject, the palette was always aristocratic, and however trivial the theme, there was never any vulgarity of sentiment.

It would have surprised them, doubtless, possibly pained them, to realize that because a man chooses to paint a carrot he is not so much suffering from lack of esthetic sensibility as from extreme susceptibility to all esthetic impressions. A man of this sort does not have to leave his crowded, dull little dwelling to be stirred by color and contour, for lifting his eyes serenely to greet the familiar objects of his everyday life he may experience so poignant a sense of form and pattern, be so thrilled by the effects of light and color, that he need fare no further on the great adventure of artistic creation.

But the fine lords and ladies did not look up long enough from their game of playing at life to see this. Only a few artists discovered the magic of this man's brush and the beauty of his pure, cool color. It was one of his popular contemporaries who looked long and sadly at a canvas of Chardin's and turned away with a sigh and a

downcast head, and an artist of a later day who declared that no one would find "the secret of Chardin's whites." It remained for Diderot, philosopher, as one might say, by profession, to pay the fitting tribute of his day. And this appreciation, however often quoted, does not lose its savor of justness.

"He is the painter, who understands the harmony of color and reflection," wrote the old giant. "O, Chardin, it is not white, red nor black that you grind to powder on your palette; it is the very substance of the objects themselves. It is the air and light that you take on the point of your brush and fix upon the canvas!"

Yet if Chardin attained no popularity in his lifetime, neither can he be said to have had a tragic career. He achieved a certain amount of recognition, exhibited at the Academy, was pensioned by the King and spent his declining days with his devoted wife in the Louvre, where, even with failing eye-

sight, he made exquisite pastels.

He was born in 1699, just failing to be reckoned in the century to which he actually belonged. He may be said to have been born out of his time as well because his genius was foreign to the age in which he worked. The prestige of the great Watteau was upon the opening years of the century, Nattier's star was declining, and Fragonard and Boucher were the contemporaries of Chardin who seized favor. Powder and patches, *fêtes champêtres*, convention and artifice were the order of the day.

Chardin seems to have stemmed in artistic descent from the Dutch genre painters—Terboch, Pieter de Hooch, Vermeer might well have been on his genealogical tree. Yet if he is akin to these men in his sobriety and sincerity and in his absorption in problems of light and form, he remains essentially French in spirit. You may be reminded of the Dutch painters by his canvases, yet you would never mistake them for anything but French. One must paint with "sentiment," he declared gravely, and it is the very soul of his people that he brings to life and movement in his work. Not the meretricious sentiment of Greuze,

no languishing milkmaids or romantic prodigal sons, but the courage and endurance, the beauty and splendor of the humble life about him that he knew so well and lived himself so bravely.

Here in a century of luxury and excess with its empty shell of ceremony already cracking under the seething passions that were soon to break it into a thousand fragments—here is a man of sobriety and poise going his appointed way unmoved by the shallow artistic conventions of the day, untouched by the fever and unrest that burned about him. Not a very romantic figure, perhaps, honest, discreet and possessing that soundness and moderation that lies so unexpectedly at the very basis of French character and gives a nation that has a reputation for volatility so surprising a balance and steadiness.

Referred to the social structure of his day, the artist came from the lower middle class, the little bourgeoisie of trade. His father was a joiner, a maker of cabinets—even, rumor says, of billiard tables for the king. A man whose work was known and respected. And there is this tradition of good workmanship and reverence for his craft in the painter, himself. One feels in him the patience of the good workman, the real seriousness of the artisan, who knows that no hurry or sudden inspiration will conceal technical weakness.

As a boy Chardin worked first under Cazes, the grave painter of history; later went into the studio of Coypel and was finally under Van Loo in the redecoration of the grand gallery of the palace of Fontainebleau. There is no trace of any precocity in the story. True, the painting of the barber-surgeon's sign resulted in the recognition of the young man by some artists, and his reception in the Academy of St. Luc. But he was twenty-nine years old before we hear of his exhibiting his paintings. In the Place Dauphine at an outdoor exhibit several of his canvases were shown including the well-known "La Raie Ouverte," now in the Louvre, where the gradations of silvery tones indicate how serious had been his study of color.



"LA GOUVERNANTE"

BY CHARDIN

In this same year, that is, 1728, his work was also accepted at the Academy. He might now be said to be set definitely on his artistic way. It was hardly a profitable career for him then, nor was it ever destined to be during his whole lifetime, although a later pension from the king smoothed over some of the difficulties of his modest menage. He had but the slightest sense of the value commercially of his work, so that the story of his exchanging a fine still life for a flowered vest that he fancied may be easily credited. His pictures sold at ridiculously low prices, not only during his lifetime but for many years after his death. Fame so diverted by the pelting of rosebuds and powder puffs from the fashionable artists of the day, and so allured by insipid allegories, was not to be moved by this man's humble offerings of kitchen wares and vegetables.

The loss of his wife and infant daughter a few years after his marriage was a blow from which he recovered slowly. With his little son he lived practically in retirement for a long time. Nearly ten years later he married again and found a

serene happiness in the sympathetic companionship and devotion of his wife. His son showed artistic talent, but inherited none of his father's stability. Reckless and erratic, he met his death in Venice under circumstances never fully understood.

Crushed by this blow which struck at both his deep affection and his ambition for his son, and suffering from physical infirmities, he gladly accepted the king's offer of a lodging in a wing of the Louvre. Even in his enfeebled condition and with failing eyesight, he continued to work. His pastels belong to this period. It is in these last shadowed years that their magic color bloomed so marvelously. Strange irony of fate that in another wing of this palace than the one that sheltered the stricken old man ignored by his generation, there is today a group of his canvases that form one of the unforgettable glories of the Louvre's collections.

So much for the meagre facts of his life. Always for him, and for us, too, the important fact was that he was a painter. Painting was the passion and absorption of his life. So acute was his observation, so swift his esthetic response, that he needed no outside stimulus to urge him to artistic creation. Within the four walls of his little dwelling, on the white cloth laid for the family meal, in the contents of the thrifty market basket sprawling out its fruits and vegetables and its gleaming fish, there was so much material to excite and stimulate the sensitive vision and set the creative impulse in motion that a lifetime was short shrift to seize it all.

It is sometimes said that Chardin first painted still life and later genre subjects. Actually he never painted still life, for everything became amazingly alive under his brush. Moreover, he handled a *nature morte* with the same breadth as a figure painting and gave it the same profundity of consideration. Beauty of tone, lustre of surface, magical effects of light that steeps and dissolves the jug and platter, the onions and carrots, and

the cauldron for the *pot au feu* itself, till they become a sort of radiant harmony, luminous and unified—these are his still lifes vibrating with life.

Whether in a still life or in the painting of an interior with its figures of intimate living, the marvel of this transfused light never ceases to astound one. Here again is that discretion and poise that so characterize the man, for there is no tragic chiaroscuro, no dramatic contrast of deep shadows and dazzling brilliance, but a bath of silvered illumination, exquisitely modulated, eating up the very substance of solid things, or filling the whole canvas with air and light.

As for painting figures, it was the next step in the artist's interest in form. It is said that he turned to this phase because of the taunt of a fellow artist that it was "harder to paint a portrait than a sausage," but the development is so natural that it needs no explanation. In these scenes of everyday life—the simple, orderly, family life that flowed about him and nourished his existence—there is tenderness, but there is also restraint. There is no sentimentality, nothing obvious in treatment or motive, but the dignity and beauty of human relationship exquisitely interpreted. There is something quaint and sweet, something most engaging in these charming bits of intimate life, that sounds like a clear, calm harmony above the discordance and exaggeration of that decadent day.

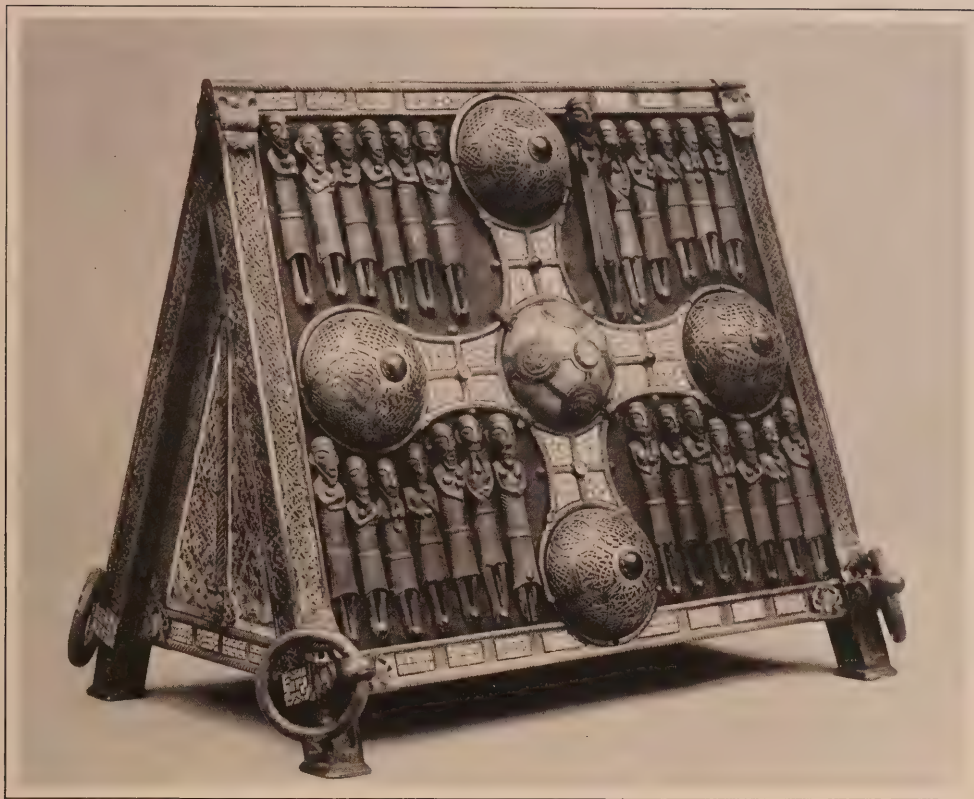
As a colorist, of course, Chardin must first be reckoned. He was a deep student of the science of color and knew how to apply his theories, so that his divisions of tones, his juxtapositions and oppositions of color and his whole chromatic theory place him rather with the impressionists of the next century than in his own day. Small wonder is it that a contemporary exclaimed that Chardin's method of painting was "unusual."

But he not only understood color, he loved it. What luscious color it is! What nacreous greys, what white held against white, what subtle modulations, what surprisingly bold transitions.

SIGN FOR THE PERFUMER, PINAUD

BY CHARDIN





SHRINE OF SAINT MUNCHAN

Reliquaries of GAELIC SAINTS

THAT ERA WHICH witnessed the rise and decline of Gaelic art was heralded by the skilled craftsmanship of pagan Ireland, its dawn marked by the coming of Patrick, the

adoption of whose doctrines resulted in a zeal for Christian learning unprecedented among other nations. As far as European civilization is concerned during that period, the influence of the Irish element is perhaps second only to that of the Byzantine Empire. The twelfth century found the art of the Occident bright with the promise of the golden harvest it was yet to yield, but in Ireland growth was abruptly halted when Norman barons, having exhausted the parceling of British soil, turned to the fresh fields lying westward.

The Shrine of St. Patrick's Will or Bell of Armagh might well serve to symbolize the united achievement of Celtic craftsman and missionary during that age when the star of destiny shone on the name of Ireland. The splendid relic alone boasts an authentic history of more than eight hundred years, and, if we include the rude, iron hand bell which it was made to enshrine, the continuity stretches backward for over fourteen hun-

Centuries old shrines display great beauties in silver and stone of Irish craftsmanship

EILEEN BUGKLEY

dred years. The little bell within the case belongs to the oldest class of Christian antiquities of Ireland and is believed to have been the very one carried by the great apostle himself, who

was the first to introduce these objects into his chosen land.

Dating from the end of the eleventh century, the reliquary was the gift of the monarch Domnell O'Lochlainn, to Armagh, the oldest see in Ireland. Inscriptions on the back margins record Cudulig Ua Inmainen and his sons as the artists, Cathalan Ua Maelchallann as hereditary keeper. In 1441 the bell seems to have been transferred to the O'Mulhollands, in whose possession it remained until shortly before relinquishment to the Dublin Museum sometime within the past century. The change of custodian may have merely meant another branch of the same family, as O'Mulholland would seem to be the Anglicized form of the Gaelic Ua Maelchallann.

Comparatively well preserved, the shrine is fourteen inches high, the lower portion constructed of bronze plates overlaid with decoration, the upper division, or handle, being of silver. Gold



SHRINE OF LOUGH ERNE

filigree knotwork still occupies seventeen of the thirty-one compartments on the lower front face, the border retaining four of the original eight red glass settings. A central oval crystal framed in silver and an adjacent stud evidently typify the incongruity of "restoration." The design of the handle is most distinctive, embodying fine interlacing figures in silver relief, filigree panels and settings of glass and cloisonne. A novel note is introduced on the back of the handle, where interwoven lines form a framework for two conventionalized birds resembling peacocks, ancient Christian symbols of immortality. Perhaps the artist's most praiseworthy endeavor was concentrated on the side panels, which feature a Celtic cross with background of delicate gold filigree, the device placed midway between graduated upper and lower patterns of intertwining reptiles.

A silver treasure of exquisite workmanship and dignified design, probably of the twelfth century, is represented by the Shrine of St. Patrick's hand. The reliquary exhibits an upright hand, possibly gloved, and the lower part of a sleeve, artistically wrinkled to simulate natural drapery. Thumb and first two fingers are raised in benediction. An episcopal ring, set with a large red stone, adorns the second finger, the back of the hand aglow with a long, slender, white crystal. Embroidery on the sleeve is indicated by repousse displaying natural animal forms in various positions, the design further enriched by red stones alternating with smaller settings of white crystal. A wider band of

lar form.

A memorial typical of the genius of Celtic design and execution finds expression in the Shrine of St. Lachtin's Arm, once the repository of a relic of the seventh-century founder of a religious colony in southwestern Ireland. Gaelic inscriptions on copper fillets extending lengthwise of the arm, though illegible in places, determine the date of the work as between the years 1118 and 1127, the requests for prayers including the name of Cormac MacCarthy, who later became king. The hand proper consists of a framework of silver set with panels of numerous shapes and sizes, the silver and copper plaques including interlacing, knotted and spiralforn devices, some inlaid. Rare charm invests the slender bronze arm panels, originally inlaid with gold, silver and niello, the zoomorphic designs reminiscent of the Clonmacnois Crozier. A pierced copper band occurs half way up the arm, the elbow being encircled by narrow jeweled rings of silver, interwoven animal patterns, as well as a row of lacelike openwork and silver filigree. The top of the elbow is capped by an ornamental disc, the center alight with a large round crystal mounted in relief.

The Temple of Jerusalem as depicted in the Book of Kells is supposed to have been the inspiration for the model of the Shrine of Lough Erne, a theory reasonable enough in view of the fact that old Gaelic manuscripts long proved a fertile source of supply for the medieval designer. Little or nothing seems to be known of the history of the

similar style is seen at the base of the shrine, the motifs including winged grotesques. Belief that it was executed during the twelfth century, however, is strengthened by the fact that about this time the bodies of St. Patrick, St. Brigid and St. Columcille were disinterred and entombed in the interior of the cathedral then newly erected at Downpatrick. The hand of St. Patrick was kept in the tabernacle of the church, but vanished during the fourteenth century. This is apparently the reliquary which reappeared centuries later and is now in possession of the Archbishop of Down and Connor. It is interesting to note that the Morgan Collection of the Metropolitan Museum includes two fifteenth-century French shrines of simi-

object, but likely in former times it contained a sacred relic. One surmises that during the age when all things of the sort were banned by law some devoted person, determined to spare it from desecration, hurled the shrine into the depths of Lough Erne, from which it was fished up in 1891. The shrine was built, like many similar things, on a foundation of yew covered with bronze plates, the whole enclosed by an outer silver case, shaped like a little church, which measured seven inches by three and one-half at the base, the height being about six inches.

The ornamentation is confined to interlacing

bands in relief at summit and eaves of roof and to kindred motifs in circular medallions on the sides.

The general effect of the Lough Erne relic is also reflected in the Shrine of St. Manchan, which is of large size, the base measuring twenty-three by thirteen inches. The remains of a revered abbot of southern Ireland are reputed to rest within the treasure, which was equipped for processional purposes as indicated by the heavy brass rings through which staves were inserted. The boards of yew which form the foundation of the shrine are still in good condition, being exposed on the sloping sides, originally covered with thin sheets of decorative silver. The main feature of back and front is a large carved Celtic cross, cast from a single piece of bronze with grotesques terminating the corners, the paneled compartments filled with yellow enamels inlaid with various red "T" motifs. The openwork metal bosses, or miniature domes, at ends of arms and center are in effect characteristic of the sculptured stone crosses scattered throughout Ireland even at the present time. While adhering to the principles of symmetry and balance, the artist has invented a separate pattern for the framework of each boss, likewise fitting the many shapes and sizes of inter-spaces with a wonderful assortment of tiny zoo-



SHRINE OF ST. PATRICK'S TOOTH

morphic plaques. In addition to bands of bronze and enamel at top and bottom, he has created intricate serpentine interlacements for the pierced side borders. Similar decoration is observed on the recessed triangular ends, where two panels, divided by an elongated monster with carved head, are surrounded by margins of attractively engraved devices.

The ten human figures in relief on the front face are all that remain of an original fifty or sixty affixed to both sides. Evidently they portray military chieftains of twelfth-century Ireland, personal differentiation being denoted in the

richly embroidered kilted garments and girdles, as well as by the fashion of wearing hair and beard. Rigid poses and unnatural length of face and form characterized the portrayal of human beings in much of the art of the Middle Ages, yet this Irish modeling falls far short of what might be expected of him who produced the other obviously fine work on the shrine. Doubt exists as to the precise date of the reliquary, but this may have been indicated on a cresting thought to have once surmounted the gabled roof. Some authorities incline to the opinion that the patron was Roderick O'Connor, last of the native kings of Ireland, and son of the great Turlough, immortalized by the lovely twelfth-century Cross of Cong. The shrine now reposes in Boher Chapel, Lemanaghan.

Fourteenth-century craft comprises most of the adornment of the Fiach Phadruig or Shrine of St. Patrick's Tooth, some of the less important work being attributed to an earlier period. According to one of the inscriptions, to Thomas de Bramingham (Birmingham), Lord of Athunry, is due credit for the construction of the reliquary, which once held a tooth said to have fallen as Ireland's apostle was visiting a certain church. The treasure, which has suffered from rough handling, is constructed of silver, shaped not unlike a tooth.

Mrs. Totten's Charming Statuettes

FROM THE MOST remote times in recorded history men and women have liked to see themselves represented in those little figures we call statuettes. Excavations in Southern

Babylonia have shown us this was so in ancient Sumeria; similar work along the Nile has given us little figures of boatmen on the river craft, brewers and bakers at work three thousand years ago; the Tana-gra figures let us see how the Greeks dressed and carried on some of their everyday vocations; and in more recent times Germany, France, England and the Scandinavian countries have an almost unbroken succession of this tradition in their porcelains. The type of little figures held in mind here are not those concerned with religion or death. It is solely that representing daily life either in its realistic or romantic aspect.

Of the classes of these porcelain statuettes in particular that have achieved the place of being ranked as art objects there are naturally lapses in point of time and in their continuity in various countries. Within comparatively recent years there has been a distinguished revival of interest in the porcelain statuette especially in the Scandinavian countries, in England and in the United States. America's contribution to this variety of the potter's craft has been comparatively limited and decidedly imitative, England setting the mode for us in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries while in our part of this contemporary revival it is chiefly Scandi-

Porcelain figurines that preserve an age-old tradition in classical and contemporary models

vian trained craftsmen who have made the porcelain statuettes originating in this country.

The work of Mrs. George Oakley Totten, Jr., is a pure product of the Scandinavian

school for all of her work heretofore was done in a studio in a factory in Stockholm. Trained as an artist in the Academie des Beaux Arts in Stock-

holm and later in Paris, Mrs. Totten had made a marked success with her picture books for children until she took up sculpture. As this artist always conceives her sculpture in colors it was very natural she should incline toward creating these porcelain statuettes.

During those four years of work in the factory studio in Stockholm, Mrs. Totten made three hundred of these figurines, a number that is testimony in itself to the strength of the native revival in this combination of the sculptor's art and the potter's craft. Her nationality gave her an inclination to create subjects or groups of folklore or fairy-tale character as in the figure of "The Blue Bird" or the very

amusing and charming "The Swineherd and the Princess," the gleaming little pigs in this group being quite as roguish as the tiny golden crown of the Princess naughtily flirting with the Swineherd. The inspiration of her art is purely literary. Its background ranges from the Bible to the two sources just mentioned with an occasional glance at social history represented by story-telling types. To the first division belongs her "Salome" and the very distinguished group "Herod and Salome,"



"SALOME"

BY MRS. TOTTEN



"THE BLUE BIRD"

"THE SECRET"

Two of Mrs. Totten's statuettes of which the last named is in the Metropolitan Museum of Art

once described in print as "a little masterpiece of erotic anecdote." The brooding Herod in his state chair is depravity incarnate and the Salome, draped in the last of her seven veils, a vivid figure of physical allure.

This tragic note is generally strange to porcelain statuettes. Their world is most often concerned with such types as Mrs. Totten's "Aristocrat," or "The Spanish Lady" or her inimitable "The Secret," this last-named having been bought by the Metropolitan Mu-

"VANITY"

BY MRS. TOTTEN



seum of Art at the time of the last show of the artist's work at the Grand Central Art Galleries. The "Aristocrat" in its diminutive dimensions contains every quality associated with that word, in face and figure, in carriage, in costume. The tiny high-bred face is no more exquisite in its modeling than it is in its characterization. In this mode is the "Importance of Choice," nearer to our own day in character and costume and is marked by the grave humor inseparable with the artist's work in this genre.



SMALL CAMEO—"PHOEBUS IN HIS CHARIOT"

Courtesy of Museum of Natural History

A GROUP OF SHELL CAMEOS

IN VIEW OF the high place Greek sculptors occupy in the history of plastic art it is not at all surprising it was among the artists of that land there should have been developed a special

class of cameo cutters who elevated their work to a character and a quality placing their designs carved in hard stones securely among pieces safely to be characterized as art objects for all future time. The Hellenic cameo cutters came to their recognized place after the day of the great Praxiteles. Their work, carved in relief on the surface of colored stones imported from the East—the directly opposite method of intaglio in which the design is carved into the material used, was much in demand not only for personal ornaments but also for the embellishment of vases, cups and other objects of household use.

The durable qualities of the material used in cutting these cameos as well as their popularity, resulting in a very large output of these works, has preserved many of the antique gems for us in museums and private collections. As personal

Three largest specimens known illustrate exquisite art of Neapolitan workers in this modern cameo material

ornaments in the guise of brooches, necklaces and bracelets of single or linked cameos this art has had recurring fashionable use, and few are the families today who do not have examples

of cameo cutting preserved in repositories for keepsakes to be brought into wearing now and again in connection with a frock worn at some costume party. Within so clearly defined a field as is this it is doubtful if any special type of jewelry has so long a life as has the cameo.

It has had its lapses, naturally, in fashionable and artistic favor and often for considerable periods of time. But the cameo has a way of inevitably coming back and when it does its appeal is so very strong and so widespread that not infrequently there is a revival of artist's interest which makes for almost a rebirth of the art. A notable renaissance of this kind took place in Italy in the fifteenth century and since then the cutting of cameos has never completely died out, particularly among the popular tourist towns and cities of the western coast.



SHELL COME—“DIANA AND ACTEON”

Courtesy of Museum of Natural History

It would appear that the supply of the hard stones used in cameo cutting would not be difficult of maintenance as time passed and means of transportation between East and West increased. But such was not the case. And the Italian cameo cutters turned to other materials than the long familiar hard stones to use in their work. Shells proved one of their favorite materials, and around Naples in the seventeenth century this particular form of cameo cutting was developed into an extraordinary beauty.

The three shell cameos illustrated on these pages are the largest examples of cameo cutting on shells known. They are gifts to the American Museum of Natural History in New York City from the late J. Pierpont Morgan whose taste in art was the most catholic and all-encompassing of any collector of his time. Placed as they are in a cabinet with a few specimens of smaller cameos, one of which is the only signed example known

(the artist's name was Morelli), the spectator has the best possible opportunity to make contrasts in dimensions and also in the exquisite skill of the unknown cutters of the three large shells.

Of the three reproduced here the one by some unknown Neapolitan cameo cutter who reproduced Guido Reni's famous painting of "Aurora" is, by far, the most interesting of these cameos. The shell itself (these are of the variety known to naturalists as hermit shells and were brought to Naples from the West Indies) is a superb specimen. And, given the limitations of its workable dimensions, the cutter "placed" his design with surpassing accuracy. His border to the oval cutting is particularly

fitting since in its elements of rope and pearls it is instantly associated with the element from which these shells come. There is an ivory-like quality to the surface of the cutting not commonly associated with the texture of a shell.



SHELL COME

GUIDO RENI'S "AURORA"

Courtesy of the Museum of Natural History

HERE AND EVERYWHERE

Hic et ubique? then we'll shift our ground



"SASKIA AS MINERVA"

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

BY REMBRANDT

IN SPITE of Doctor Bode's injudicious joke that Rembrandt painted six hundred pictures, three thousand of which were in America (injudicious since all Rembrandts nowadays are authenticated by German experts), in spite of Professor Van Dyke's ruthless redistribution of the Rembrandt *oeuvre* among his pupils, there is still left something of a thrill for the art world on the discovery of an unknown work by this master. And

this thrill is well worth while when it is occasioned by such a handsome picture and piece of painting as is the "Saskia as Minerva" now on exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum of Art as a loan from Jules S. Bache of New York through whose courtesy it is here published for the first time.

"Beyond the fact that the picture comes out of an English collection," writes Bryson Burroughs in a note on the painting in the Museum

Bulletin, "its history is unknown and it does not appear in any of the catalogues." To stand before the canvas one is not apt to care a whit about its history. The work is its own justification and in many of its details it is a thing of joy to those who love characterization in a portrait, fine painting and composition of a kind that is a distinction in itself. All these qualities are here, especially the fineness of the painting. Saskia's hands alone are among the rarest passages in portraiture. The painting of the gorgeous blue-and-white and gold gown is a thing of allure, so suave is it, so rich in the feeling of tactile values. And the proud pose of the head befits the presumptive air of the great Roman divinity.

Rembrandt painted his sister twice as Minerva. One version of this is in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum in Berlin, the other in the F. Kleinberger collection in Paris. The only other appearance of Saskia as a goddess is in the canvas formerly in the Donaldson collection in London, and yet this picture appears in the books with the title printed in this guise: "Saskia (?) as Bellona," which indicates that the authorities are not certain that the often posed and painted Saskia really was the original of this figure. Certain it is that the woman in that canvas is nearest in age appearance to the one in this of Mr. Bache. And yet our Saskia is more mature than was the original when she died at the age of thirty years. This Minerva is very like the chief figure in the "Sophonisba Receiving the Cup of Poison from Her Husband" that is in the Prado in Madrid, and she is very like the bride in "The Wedding of Samson." The dress and hands in this painting are closest to those of the heroine of the "Mordecai Before Esther," but here the face is finer in characterization. Rembrandt apparently was much pleased with this work as he signed it in bold, clear letters. Few indeed of his canvases are handsomer. This discovery of a wholly unknown picture by so well known and much sought after master gives added point to the whimsical suggestion made by E. V. Lucas in his little book on Vermeer as to the fame that might come to some millionaire who would finance expeditions for searching out unknown art.

THE ACQUISITION by Governor Fuller of six pictures by Sargent at the sale of his collection in London and the purchase by a resident of Miami, Florida, from the Grand Central Art Galleries of the superbly romantic portrait of Miss Wertheimer, calls attention to the fact that few Americans who might have done so in the past ever "collected" Sargents. Some of our museums have been unusually far-sighted in this

respect, notably the Brooklyn Museum, that of Boston, of Worcester, and the Metropolitan Museum of Art. In private ownership in Chicago, Boston and New York there are a few groups of watercolors and drawings by Sargent. But in no single one of these is there more than fifteen pictures. Once again a prophet has been without honor in his own country. And this in spite of the fact that it is not so long ago one of those exquisite Italian figure groups by this great American master could have been bought for a few hundred dollars. England is in a much better case than is the United States in relation to a permanent collection of the paintings of its own son. Through the generosity of Sir Joseph Duveen and his unfailing *flair* for what Henry James called "the real right thing," England now has its Sargent Room in the Tate Gallery. In a published interview Martin Birnbaum has suggested that it is not too late to attempt the creation of such a room here. Such a memorial would depend on generous sacrifices of private owners of Sargents. But what a splendid sacrifice that would be if Sargent's fame was perpetuated in some such form as is Whistler's in the Freer Gallery!

JOHN FREW, who modeled the "punchful" football group entitled "The Tackle" which is reproduced on the cover of this issue, is a striking example of a man who turned from the practice of pictorial art to sculpture in middle life with marked success. He is a New Yorker who had won both a reputation and a large earning capacity as a commercial artist before he took up modeling as a student at the American School of Sculpture conducted by W. Frank Purdy. In the first of the three years he has been working in the classes there he won a scholarship and the monitorship of the school. It is a tribute to the seriousness with which he takes his new vocation that in spite of the fact that he is past forty and has no pressure of need weighing him down, as is the case with so many art students, he takes his duties as monitor as seriously as he does his own work. This is the first sculpture he has had cast in bronze for public exhibition.

CONSTANTIN GUYS' drawing, "Woman with a Muff," is not only new to this country but represents his art in a phase that is his happiest since it is without the slightest trace of that chilling irony marking so much of his representation of the social life of Paris in the surfacely brilliant days of the Second Empire. The fame of Guys is so firmly connected with Parisian life that he is seldom thought of as a Dutchman, which he

was in fact. To me, Guys' social panorama always savors more strongly of the Victorian school of that era, particularly in its sardonic viewpoint, and I can see nowhere in it an adumbration of the influence of Japanese prints which Faure teaches in Guys' work. In his monumental history of art Faure says of Guys that he "left eternal images of the instant caught in its flight," a summary combining truth and the unfailing dignity and charm of the common language of these two men. Our picture, which is in watercolor and pen-and-ink, is Guys at his simple best, a reporter of the facts of physiognomy and of character who never forgets for a moment that truth may be touched with grace without loss of merit.



"WOMAN WITH A MUFF"

BY CONSTANTIN GUYS

Courtesy of the Krausbaar Galleries

mittee to the end that they might have a place to show their work, a story which is more of a tribute to the changelessness of human nature than it may be to the facts as to the origin of the Academy. Doubtless few but the most inveterate and long-enduring art gallery seekers know this collection. But in view of its reputation, it is credited with being "the most valuable collection of English eighteenth-century art in the world," it will be of interest to learn if the Foundling Hospital will take it along with the institution's other portable property when it is re-established in the country. The hospital

holds a place in musical history also since Handel played the organ there and bequeathed to it the manuscript of "The Messiah" oratorio.

THE RECENT SALE of the Foundling Hospital and its estate of fifty-six acres in the Bloomsbury district in London necessarily revives interest in the collection of eighteenth-century paintings owned by the institution, the story of which is one of the curiosities of art history. After its foundation in 1739 by one Thomas Coram, a retired sea captain, there grew up a custom among the British painters of the time to present examples of their work to the hospital. These increased to such numbers that they overcrowded the wall spaces in the rooms of the secretary and the board of trustees with the result that a picture gallery had to be provided, surely a singular adjunct for a home for illegitimate children! Long before the eighteenth century ended the gifts of pictures had increased to such an extent that the board of trustees had to appoint a hanging committee, and to have one's work shown in the gallery grew to be a coveted distinction. There is a legend that the Royal Academy was organized by artists whose work had been rejected by the hospital's hanging com-

SHIP MODELS, of course, are not "art" but they do represent naval architecture, and craftsmanship of the most exquisite character in their finest examples. The tide of model collecting is running high nowadays and it has become an indoor sport that only the rich can indulge in when exemplified by British Admiralty or the best French models. It inevitably follows when any class of objects begin to be "collected" a literature on the subject is created if it is not already a forgotten thing among the dust-covered books of the past. The designing, building and rigging of ships has a distinguished literature wholly unknown here except to that rarest type of amateur collector, the man or woman who really studies his subject no matter at what effort. The elders among our model collectors not only know this literature but many of them are the proud owners of ship building and ship rigging books from France, England and Italy of the eighteenth century. For those less fortunate in ownership of such maritime libraries there has sprung up a succession of alleged ship model



"PORTRAIT OF MISS EVA WERTHEIMER"

BY JOHN SINGER SARGENT

Courtesy of the Grand Central Art Galleries

books which actually describe the ships and not the models and leave the amateur collector of today in a bewildered fog of lack of actual facts as to size and various dimensions of the models pictured in these generally unsatisfactory books. As a wholesome alternative to this sort of thing The Ship Model Society is bringing out a publi-

cation, the first of a planned series, devoted to authentic scale models of the seventeenth century, the forty-eight plates and the text picturing and describing practically every known scale model of the period, thus furnishing a definitive work and one that will be welcomed by all collectors who take this fascinating pursuit seriously.

A SHELF of NEW ART BOOKS

THE ROMANCE CHURCHES OF FRANCE.

A MANUAL OF FRENCH ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE IN THE TWELFTH CENTURY FOR THE STUDENT AND THE TRAVELER. By Oliver E. Bodington. Houghton-Mifflin Company, Boston. Price, \$5.

BETWEEN the dark of the architecture of the ages to which that adjective is generally applied and the daylight of the Gothic era, otherwise in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, there came into being in Europe a style of building that most of us accept as Romanesque, most of us, that is, outside of Great Britain where they like to call this pre-Gothic style Norman although using the conventional term when they wish to be more comprehensive. Mr. Bodington is one of the Britons who do not hold with his fellows in styling every species of architecture which is to be found in England of the period immediately prior to the Gothic as Norman. Neither does he approve of Romanesque as its proper term. He argues that the English word Romance is more nearly a correct rendering of the French *roman* (which they use to describe our Romanesque) and therefore has written a book describing France's "Romance churches" of the twelfth century to put himself on record in this matter of a correct title for an architectural style. In view of the manner in which the originally contemptuous term Gothic has become fastened to that style the outlook for Bodington's rechristening of the Romanesque does not appear very bright.

Having established his term, Bodington's text and illustrations resolve themselves into just another book on French church architecture within the scope of the end of the tenth century and the beginning of the thirteenth. He gives his reader an idea of the various schools of his Romance architecture, describes its geographic origins (Persia, the Byzantine, Venice, Armenia, Syria) and distribution, shows the historical influences, and after giving the reasons for the decorations in the way of painting and sculpture, takes up separately different classes of churches from Burgundy to Normandy, Brittany and the Belgian borderland. The text is clearly written, interesting and informative. The illustrations, made from the author's own photographs, are admirable in every way. To the general reader and student who has not specialized in this style the book as a whole is distinctly worth while. But he probably will continue to call churches in this manner Romanesque.

RARE ENGLISH GLASSES OF THE XVII & XVIII CENTURIES. By Joseph Bles. Houghton-Mifflin Company, Boston. Price, \$25.

OUTSIDE of Britain the collecting of English glass is not very widely pursued and in our own art auction rooms it figures less prominently than almost any other style of historic glass. Thus a work of this kind must have a very limited field of appeal since it assumes to be nothing more than a *catalogue raisonne* of pieces in famous English collections that were made from the last quarter of the seventeenth century up to end of the eighteenth. Its thin rivulet of text does not go into the history or technique of glass-making but only deals with glasses in particular. And, these again, are limited to wine and cordial

glasses, commemorative goblets, punch bowls, sweetmeat dishes and candlesticks, the classification of these often bearing the arbitrary terms so prevalent in British books.

In spite of Bles' statement that these glasses "are now highly prized for their rarity, their beauty and their historical interest," one may well raise his eyebrows over the word "beauty" being applied to many of the examples published here. For surely the Ravenscroft Glasshouse jug is not a thing of beauty, the Old Pretender goblet is decidedly ugly, and almost always in the designs there is a lack of balance between foot, stem and bowl that betrays a heavy, if not positively clumsy, eye and hand on the part of the glass-blower.

For the convenience of the student and collector the glasses have been grouped under their several classifications as to form and others as to basic materials and techniques such as "glass of lead," "enamelled glass" and "diamond point engraving." The reproducing of the various examples is superbly done, the book in this respect being a masterpiece of half-tone work.

JOHN WENGER. By Carlo de Fornaro. Joseph Lawren, New York.

BARRING THE ABSENCE of dates in connection with John Wenger's life, an omission always to be regretted in a biographical work however slight, Carl de Fornaro's critical record of this artist's life is as complete as anyone would wish. Since so much of his work designing stage settings and scenery has been done for moving picture theatres, bringing him all the attendant publicity of that field, Wenger's art is known by name to a larger public than is usual in the case of men working in this branch of the theatre and the publication of the book is both timely and satisfying. Wenger began this work here almost at the outset of the modern movement in stage design and his first modest little exhibition of stage models at the Folsom Galleries in New York made a marked impression on all those who saw it, his designs being original, simple and superb in color.

In addition to his many brilliant *decors* for moving picture theatres, Wenger has to his record the admirably conceived and executed setting for the Stravinsky ballet "Petrouchka," designed for the Metropolitan Opera House in 1919; a decidedly novel "concert stage setting for pianist" executed for the Capitol Theatre, New York.

THE WAY TO SKETCH. By Vernon Blake, Oxford University Press, American Branch, New York. Price, \$2.50.

HERE IS a little collection of "notes on the essentials of landscape sketching, particular reference being made to the use of water-color" in which every "t" is crossed and every "i" dotted for the beginner in the always fascinating and entertaining art of making sketches. Naturally such a handbook can contain nothing new to the practiced professional; but to the student the instruction and practical hints, there are literally hundreds of these, will be of very great assistance. In addition to purely instructive sketches by the artist-author there are reproductions of sketches by Rembrandt, Corot, Cézanne, Turner, Claude Lorrain and the Japanese artist Sesshu of the fifteenth century.

ART IN EVERYDAY LIFE LEONORA R. BAXTER



WALLPAPER OF CHINESE DESIGN
Courtesy of the Baeck Wallpaper Co.

THE STRONG INTEREST in Chinese lacquered furniture of the late eighteenth century so prevalent now among those who are making really decorative interiors has brought renewed interest in the wall paintings and papers which belong to the same period, and it is a welcome industrial development that our wall paper manufacturers have turned to these treasures of the Orient and of the Continent for inspiration in design, and are placing excellent reproductions before the American public for appropriate use. It was long ago that the Dutch and Portuguese traders first brought wall paper from China to Europe, yet in France today no wall papers are more highly prized than those showing Chinese influence. Chinese papers were marvelous in color, beauty of design and balance of composition, but lacked perspective. This the French supplied, with characteristic delicacy of treatment, creating what is known as Franco-Chinese papers—a whimsical combination, so charmingly decorative that it has a permanent artistic value and appeal. Printing in color was known in China in the sixteenth century, perhaps earlier. The first importation of wall paper, however, was not printed, but painted by hand on rice paper with gouache, and touched up with Chinese ink. The favorite designs up to the middle of the eighteenth century were birds and flowers, and then the feeling for landscape effects began to influence the manufacturers, and the illustration given shows a happy combination of the two. This paper is made by the Baeck Wallpaper Company, in charming and adaptable tones, and is a reproduction of a Pillement design, recolored to meet modern needs. Pillement worked in France during the latter half of the eighteenth century, when the Chinese decorative influence was at its height, and his output registers the acme of artistic achievement

in his field of endeavor. He painted directly upon the wallpaper, and later his designs were printed. It was at this time that the courts of both England and France adopted the Chinese fad. Particularly in France, under the patronage of Louis XV, the Oriental manner of design thrived, and combined with the inimitable lightness and grace of French influence, it comes to us as a precious heritage of beauty, representing the cumulative art of several centuries and countries. Fortunate indeed are American decorators and individuals who can go to their own wallpaper manufacturers to find the true and harmonious background for the lacquered furniture now so greatly in vogue.

MUCH HAS BEEN WRITTEN about the remodeling possibilities of old brownstone-front houses of New York City. Ugly indeed in their original Victorian heaviness of design and construction, they have been transformed, under the almost magic touch of modern archi-



STAIRWAY IN A REMODELED HOUSE
Ironwork by Warman & Cook

tects, into places of varied and alluring beauty. These architects have drawn inspiration from the best conceptions of Continental as well as Colonial art, and have applied their ideas with consummate skill and daring to narrow confines and banal conventionalities. America owes a debt to their imagination, and to their execution, made possible by the intelligent co-operation of local artisans. The illustration gives just a glimpse of a very charming stairway in a reconstructed old house in East 94th Street, done in modified Italian style. The architects, Polhemus & Coffin, have cleverly contrived to impart an idea of space in close quarters by use of the very light wrought-iron railing. The cut stone steps are of solid construction, and the walnut handrail is substantial, but the ensemble

gives a feeling of delicate and airy beauty. The Italian lantern, copied from an old design, and the stair railing, are from Warman & Cook, craftsmen in artistic iron work. The renaissance of ironwork in America is now in full swing, and all creators of decorative beauty are keenly responsive to the artistic potentialities of this enduring metal.

mother to daughter, and as a family advanced in worldly goods it invariably added to the number and variety of its chests. Especially in Italy was their development important and interesting. The illustration pictures a Venetian example, found in an Arab home in the ancient city of Aleppo, North Syria, and brought to New York by the American Colony Stores, of Jerusalem. Tracing its history



GRAPE BOWLS IN SILVER

BY GEORG JENSEN

THE NAME of Georg Jensen is known far and wide, and is synonymous with a certain style and standard of achievement in the creation of beautiful silver. He was born in 1866 in Raavad, Denmark, and his early ambition was to be a sculptor, but the growing desire to make useful things beautiful lured him to silver as a medium of expression. So original and striking has been his work that it has received world-wide recognition, and he is proclaimed as a master artist. A member of *La Société Nationale des Beaux Arts*, he possesses many coveted medals, and specimens of his work have been acquired by all the leading museums of Europe and America—also there are permanent exhibits of it at the Royal Academy in London. His success no doubt is partly due to the knowledge gained as a sculptor, and to his early training under a silversmith, which acquainted him with all the possibilities and limitations of his favorite metal. One of the most characteristic features of his silver is the striking individuality of each piece. His designs are singularly simple in line, which invariably bespeaks the true artist, the detail is delicate, and ornament is introduced only when it serves some definite purpose. The group of grape bowls illustrated beautifully emphasizes his genius, and they are, incidentally, the chosen possessions of several distinguished and royal connoisseurs. The Lady Mountbatten is a collector of Jensen silver, and requested these bowls as a gift upon her marriage to the Crown Prince of Sweden. They were also presented to the King of Denmark upon the anniversary of his silver wedding, and are owned by different members of the royal family of England. These bowls are part of a comprehensive collection of Jensen silver, to be seen at the Georg Jensen shop in New York.

CHESTS were the first form of furniture. We dig them out of Egyptian tombs and unearth them along with all the earliest records of civilization. The first known carving upon furniture was done on chests, and eventually they became objects of great beauty. They were handed down from one generation to another, from

gives fascinating glimpses of a turbulent and romantic age. Time was when Aleppo was a very flourishing center of trade. Situated on the main road of the caravan traffic to Persia and India, it was the mart for silks, spices, linens, jewels and other treasures of the period, and its prosperity continued, in spite of numerous earthquakes and conquests, until the discovery of the Cape route to India, which proved fatal to the caravan traffic. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries adventuring Venetians and Frenchmen migrated to Aleppo, bringing with them their families and their household goods, and later, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, they were joined by the English. A search of the old graveyards in Aleppo reveals the names of many English, French and Italians who were buried there during the few golden centuries of Aleppo's supremacy. The chest portrayed here was made in Venice, and was probably the prized possession of a bride who on her honeymoon went to Aleppo to live. The sides, top and bottom are made of solid pieces of walnut, and the carving is intricate and beautiful. The feet, representing crouching lions, show Arabic influence and different workmanship, and were presumably added to meet conditions in Aleppo, where the stone or earthen floors were always damp. It

VENETIAN CHEST FROM ALEPPO
Courtesy of the American Colony Stores





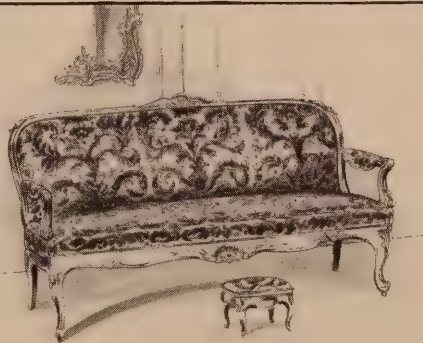
A Magnificent Velvet replete with the splendor of the Grand Monarque

IT is massive and magnificent—the style of Louis XIV. Yet it is so well balanced, so justly proportioned and exquisitely executed that to appreciate it is to put yourself “en rapport” with the great art of all ages.

The modulated warmth of coloring, the stately beauty of design, so characteristic of Louis Quatorze, is beautifully reproduced in this velvet. The graceful sweeping curves of typical acanthus leaves frame with perfect precision the pomegranate or “apple of love” borrowed from an earlier century. True to the sculptural traditions of the time, the pattern with its rich velvety pile is in strong relief against the mellow satin ground.

Once the property of church and king, these princely velvets are today a part of ordinary life. And in beauty of design and craftsmanship they are worthy of comparison with their splendid prototypes.

FOR hangings to enhance a noble room, as coverings for period furniture—perhaps to set off the structure of some inherited chair or made up in a cushion to add a bright spot in a severe atmosphere—these velvets have a splendid grace, a mellow blend of color, that but increase with time.



Floral figures in soft pure velvet stand out sharply against the plain silken ground with the contrast of texture associated with the superb velvets of the Renaissance. Intentional irregularities of weave accentuate the feeling of age and convey the spirit of an antique velvet that might have graced for centuries some regal room.

Your own decorator, upholsterer or department store will make arrangements for you to see Schumacher fabrics, including the velvet illustrated here. And will also gladly attend to their purchase.

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A copy will be sent you without charge, upon request, to F. Schumacher & Co., Dept. B-20, 60 West 40th Street, New York, Importers, Manufacturers, Distributors to the trade only, of Decorative Drapery, and Upholstery Fabrics. Offices in Boston, Chicago, and Philadelphia.



F-SCHUMACHER & CO.



PHILADELPHIA QUEEN ANNE CHAIR—CIRCA 1720
Courtesy of Henry Weil

is well known that the Arabs and Persians used this type of lion in their decorations, and the Arabic citadel in Aleppo contained the figure of a lion in basalt, of Hittite origin. Incidentally, feet mark the first evolution of the chest into the settle.

THE FLAIR for American furniture, among Americans, is permanently established. And the demand far exceeds the supply—what is to be done about it? Reproductions, of course. Perhaps the American Wing, at the Metropolitan, is largely responsible for the fact that the American public has come, at last, to recognize and appreciate the value and beauty of their own productions, of Colonial and later periods. It goes without saying that the work of Duncan Phyfe set a standard for American cabinetmakers, but long before his time, when Indians and wolves prowled around one's premises, and poisoned arrows whizzed through the air, the struggling colonists made and used furniture which is now considered quaint and desirable. One of the most important pieces, perhaps, is the settle. It was made of maple or pine, had a high solid back and sides, as a protection from cold, and was always drawn up before the big log fire. Sometimes it was in the kitchen, because there was no living room, but invariably it was the centre of family life. In the beginning some of them had a board over the back at the top in the form of a hood, and the "backboard" at the bottom usually ran to the floor, to stop the movement of cold air, for there was for many months each year a "frost line" on the floor. Later on, when the Indians receded, and life became more endurable, the hood and the backboard vanished, and cushions appeared to soften the hard seat of the settle. Then the backs were stuffed, and the whole was upholstered in the gay chintzes that came over from England. Such luxury! In this modified form it is reproduced and offered today as a fitting and charming detail for any early American interior. The Franklin Shops display the Connecticut settle illustrated here, and one has

a choice of an unusually lovely collection of chintzes for upholstery.

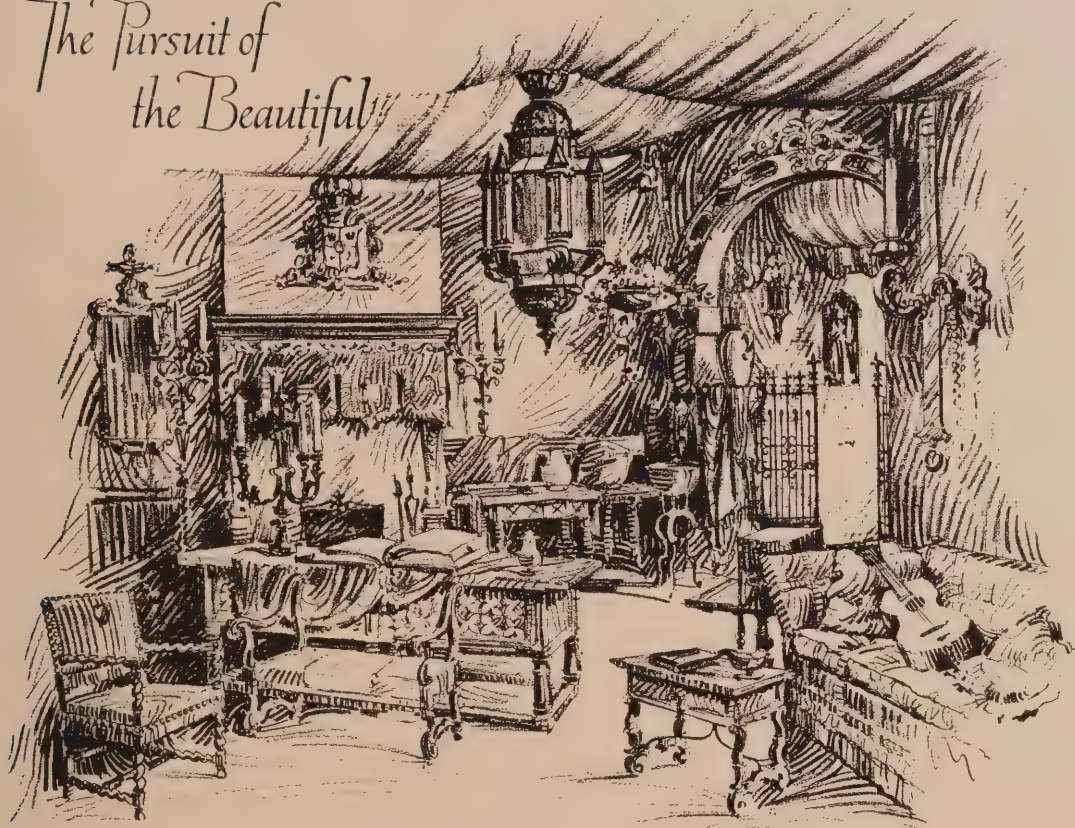
WE FIND CHAIRS mentioned but rarely in the earliest inventories of New England and the South, for they were not yet in common use, even in England, and the idea still prevailed that the chair was such a scarce luxury as to be a seat of honor. Stools, benches and the ever present chest served as resting places. However, by the beginning of the eighteenth century, chairs were plentiful, and not all of them were straight and austere. About this time the records make frequent mention of "easy" chairs, and a few, a very few, of the original ones of good design are with us now. This style of chair always had a high back, a low seat, and wings that extended into arms. They were heavily cushioned, and upholstered in fabrics which in that day were necessarily imported. Henry Weil exhibits the example given here. It is a Philadelphia Queen Anne chair, circa 1720, and is a rare specimen of its kind. The wood is mahogany, and the cabriole leg and web foot mark the Queen Anne period. Wearing its ragged dress of other days, it awaits only a new covering before taking a place in modern life.

CONNECTICUT SETTLE

Courtesy of Franklin Shops



The Pursuit of the Beautiful



Sketch of a Spanish Room at the New York Galleries

TO the woman of discernment there is no more fascinating problem than developing an interior in harmony with her predilection for certain color values or a particular motif in furniture and decoration. ~ ~ ~

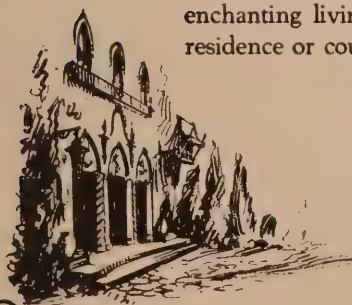
Q Often the keynote of the scheme comes to her quite unexpectedly, perhaps from some seemingly inconspicuous object—which may account for the joy of planning even the simplest room. ~ ~ ~

Q Today, for instance, among the hundreds of unusual pieces on view at these Galleries, an old Spanish *papelera*, its mellowed walnut enlivened by brilliant touches of Moorish artistry, may reveal to her the keynote for both the furniture and color-scheme of a most enchanting living room—for either a town residence or country villa. ~ ~ ~

Q There is an indescribable charm about these lovely furniture forms and related objects, as well as the manner of their grouping into scores of delightful ensembles. ~ Each setting, indeed, is a silent tribute to the unity of spirit which enables an organization of skilled decorators and cabinet makers to actually *re-create* the environment of other days. ~ ~ ~

Q Gathered from out-of-the-way spots in foreign lands, old and time-worn pieces of furniture find happy companionship with hand-wrought reproductions. ~ ~ ~

Q Rare bits of crystal, leather and metal, fabrics of exquisite texture, unique fixtures for lighting—these and countless other objects verily make of the Galleries a *treasure house* of beautiful things. ~ ~ ~



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That balanced blending of formality and hospitality which expresses true taste is represented in the pieces shown. The William and Mary low-boy, with burl walnut drawer fronts, dull brass pulls and Spanish feet and the colorful French Cluny tapestry, lend warmth to the stately formalism of the Charles II hand carved chairs.

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Turkey has forced complete independence from the white man—and is ready to fight any great Western Power that interferes.

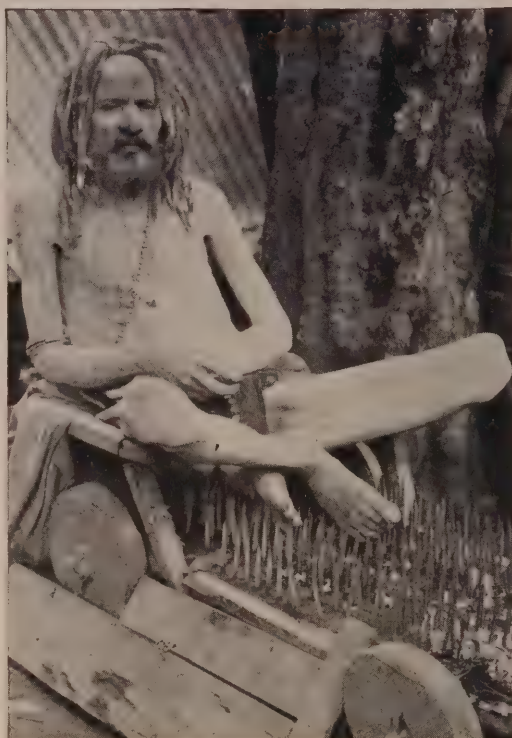
Persia has thrown off the influence of England and Russia.

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THE WHITE BOOMERANG IN CHINA. The patronizing superiority of the white man has amazingly produced a united China to resist white injustice. Harry F. Ward cuts to the roots of the trouble.

ABD EL KRIM'S GENIUS BROTHER tells the secrets of Riffi power in Vincent Sheean's astonishing account of his life behind the Riffi lines. The one big story that has come out of the Riff. And a German Robin Hood, a raider of the desert—with five Arab wives—relates his unbelievable exploits.

A LAUGHTER-LOVING EAST reveals a surprise.

THE DRAMA OF THE SEA—the sea of idyllic Samoa with its booming blow-hole geysers and its animal life is told in the story of how the Flahertys made their Samoan film—successor of their "Nanook of the North."

ELEPHANTS A-PILING TEAK, ruled by a female leader of the herd who trains rebellious recruits in her own regime of wicked discipline, furnishes a rare story of animal intelligence.

LUSTROUS BEAUTY OF GOLD AND LACQUER IN SIAM—a dream of kings in luxurious splendor—shines from rare choices out of Siam's temples and palaces.

CHINA THROUGH A PINHOLE gives a look that shows the common sense in the way the Chinese do things "upside down."

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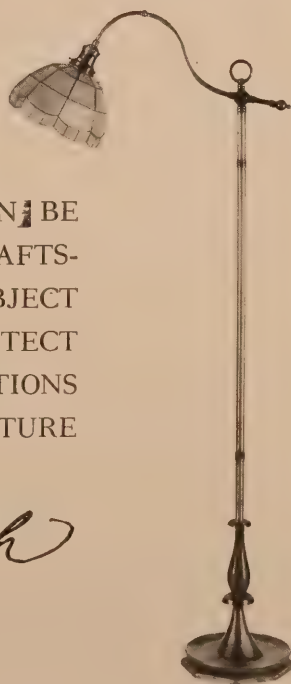
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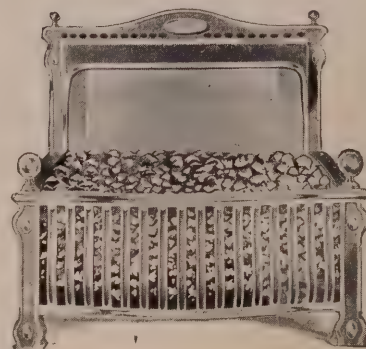
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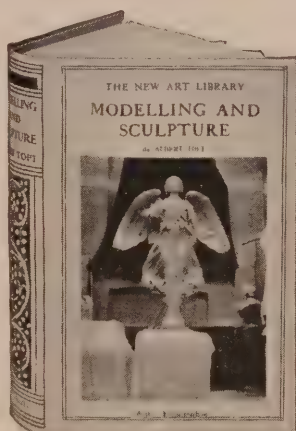
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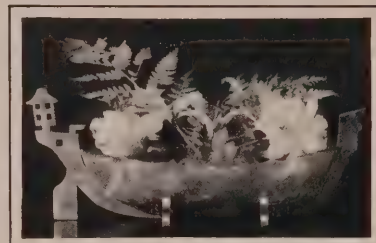


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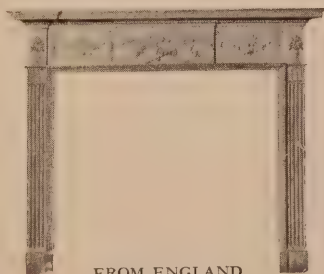


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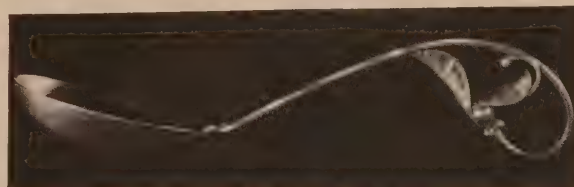
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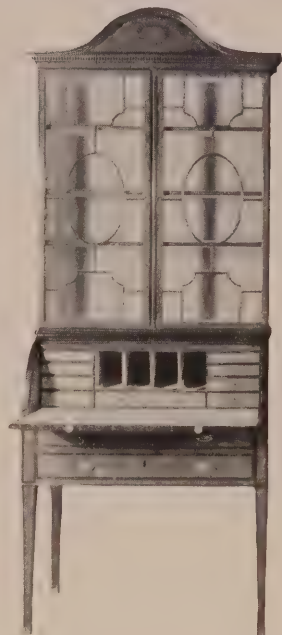
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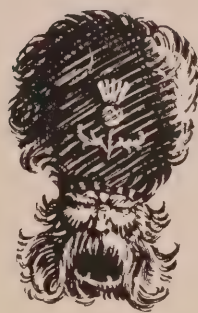
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Dec. 5	New York	Buenos Aires	Rio Santos	Pan-American	Southern Cross
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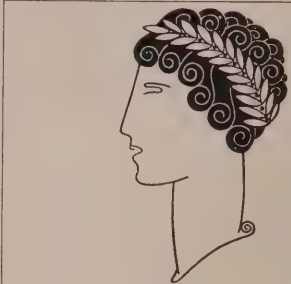
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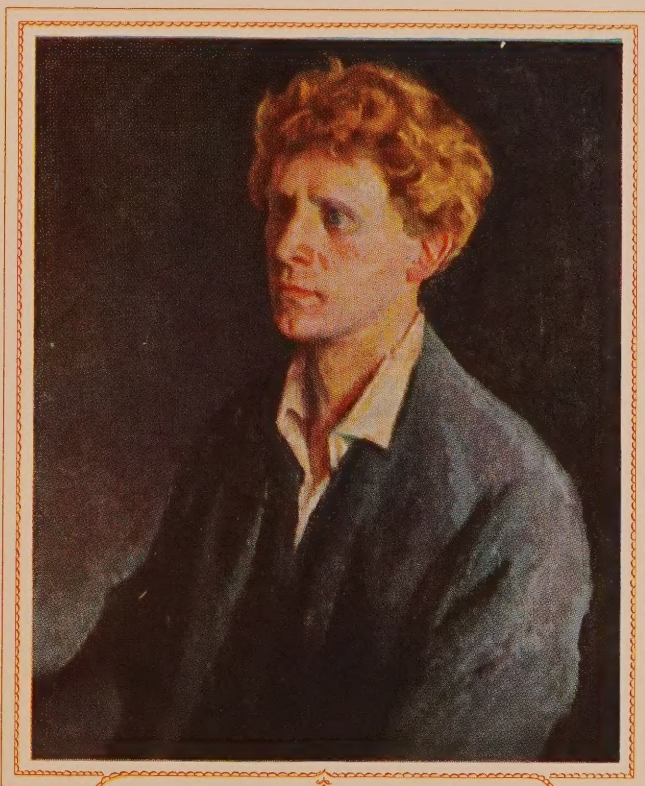
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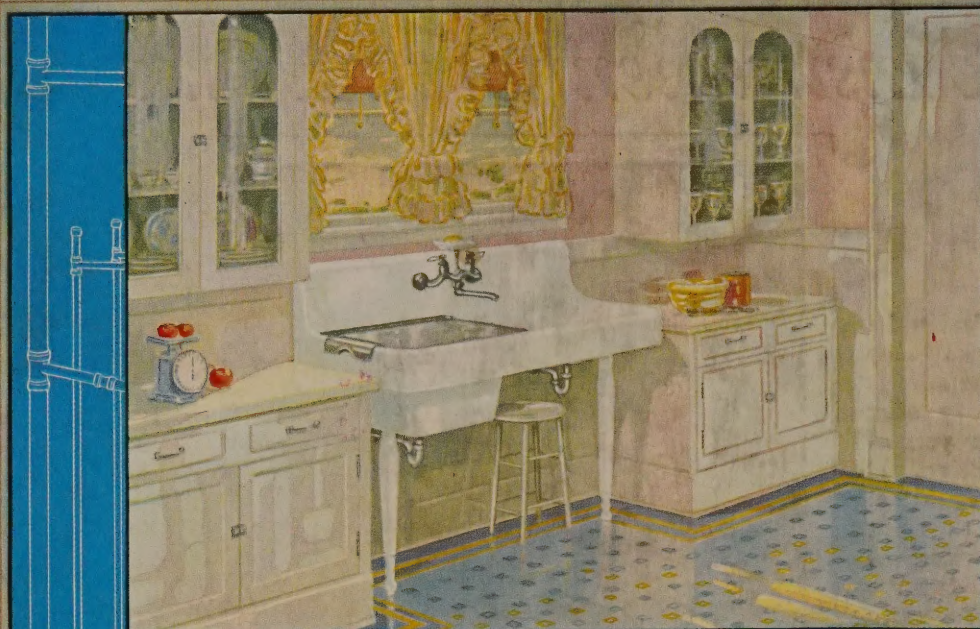
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